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BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

By Bertha A. Kleinman.

Ours is the hour, O babykin mites!
When wonderland enters "between the lights,"
When even the shadows seem warm and real,
As over the face of the day they steal.

Too murky to read and too dark to sew,
O let me plunge into the afterglow,
At one with the fantasy rare you weave,
For this is the hour of make-believe.

The tang of the fire that braves the rain.
The dazzle flung back from the window pane,
The dun shapes mounting the walls' high steep—
Play on little hearts while the wonders keep.

Play on while the shadows hold nothing to fear,
Play on, little dreamers, while mother is here—
Blest hour to store for the morrow's delights,
When wonderland enters between the lights



"Then the King commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions."—Daniel vi., 16.
(See Kindergarten Department, p. 350.)

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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JUNE, 1912.

No. 6.

The Priesthood in the Sunday School.

[Remarks by President Joseph F. Smith at the conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, held at the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday evening, April 9, 1912.]

It will be proper for me to say that if I do not treat the subject as it should be treated and to the satisfaction of my associates in the Sunday School Union Board, it will be due, partly at least, to my lack of practical experience in teaching in the Sunday School; but I have some general thoughts and ideas in relation to the duties that belong to the priesthood.

It is easy for me to conceive of the Kindergarten class of our Sunday Schools being wholly, or almost wholly if not quite, under the supervision and direction of the sisters, and I think that it is proper to have sisters plentifully connected with all the branches of the Sunday School. I think it would be very inefficient work to conduct, or to attempt to conduct, a Sunday School without the assistance of our sisters, more or less, in all the different branches of the work done. I can see the absolute necessity of the Kindergarten Department being under the supervision of the sisters, and practically entirely so, and yet not altogether, for the reason that all the organizations of the Church should be under the supervision and kind and fatherly care of those who hold the presiding authority. Even the Kindergarten course in the Sunday School should be supervised and looked after carefully by those holding the priesthood. And yet the work naturally belongs to the sisters, and

especially young ladies who are free to give their attention particularly to the training of the little ones. As the mother is the proper custodian and teacher of the infant, and from the infant on up to the child that would rank with the Kindergarten class, so it is proper for the sisters to teach this class in the Sunday School, and be associated with it. But I can scarcely conceive that it would be good propriety to exclude all the influence and guiding power of the priesthood from any other department of the Sunday School, and especially from those classes where our boys are a little wayward sometimes, and hard to get along with and properly control, and especially very difficult for the sisters to control. All these classes should be directly under the general supervision and direction of those holding the priesthood. One reason why this should be so is this: that our children should begin to learn from the beginning that there is Divine authority in the Church, and they should be taught to respect that authority, and if they are in a class in school where they suppose there is no authority or priesthood, they are liable to take greater liberties and become more unruly by far than they would if they were taught properly that under the guiding influences of the priesthood they should be decorous and well behaved. I think that our Bishops and Sunday School superintendents, from the superintendency of the ward upward, should see to it that every Sunday School should be supplied with capable teachers who carry

with them the authority and the rights of the holy priesthood. I think that our brethren should not exclude themselves for any reason from this meritorious work. One of the greatest, one of the most important organizations in the Church is the Sunday School. It has to deal with that element amongst us that needs to be started out right; for if children are not brought under proper influences at home and in the Sunday School, and have not the privilege of being started out just right, they may get started off wrong, and when they do get started off wrong, it may be a very difficult thing to turn them around and get them to go right. No, man, it seems to me, could be better qualified for this labor than one holding the priesthood, in connection with other needful qualifications. A man holding the priesthood ought to be fully as well qualified, if not a little better, than one not holding the priesthood, in the management of children. There ought to be a sacredness connected with divine authority exercised in love and kindness, but in firmness and with dignity, and with all other appropriate means to impress the children with the sanctity of an authority that has been restored from the heavens to the earth, from God to man, in the dispensation of the fulness of times. The authority and right of presidency and of guiding, directing, counseling and advising belongs to the priesthood, and it should be exercised in our Sunday Schools for the benefit of the rising generation.

Now all I need to say more perhaps is this: I think that our Sunday School superintendents, those who have this work in hand, the Bishops who have much to do with assisting in this great Sabbath day work, and those holding the holy priesthood—the Seventies, the Elders the Priests and the Teachers, or anyone holding the priesthood, who can be utilized for this great work, their efforts should be freely given, that all

the good that can be brought out of the Sabbath School work for our little folks, for our children all the way up from the kindergarten to the theological class, should be brought out in the work done in the Sunday School.

I think that wherever the services of the Seventies are needed in this Sabbath School work, they ought to be freely given; they ought not to be withheld. This organization or order of the priesthood is expressly called and it is their express duty to be teachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, not only at home but abroad. Now I don't think that the Seventies or the High Priests or Elders can find any sort of employment that will give them better experience, that will call out better service from them, or that will better qualify them to become teachers of men than to become good teachers of children and the youth. Here is the opportunity then for them to develop their adaptability for teaching in the Sunday Schools, that they may be the better qualified to teach in a broader sphere when they may be called to go out to teach in the world. I advise that the authorities of the Church, both of wards and stakes, and the authorities of the various councils of the priesthood co-operate as much as they possibly can by lending their services for the benefit of the Sabbath Schools throughout all Zion, that there may be nothing lacking, that there may be efficiency, that there may be proper authority exercised in the schools to bring up our children in the way they should go, that when they get old they will not depart from it. Every little boy attending the Sabbath School ought to be taught from the beginning the importance of the restoration of the holy priesthood to the children of men. They ought to be taught that every man called to an official position in the Church is endowed with a certain calling pertaining to this holy priesthood, which is after the order of the Son of God, or after the order

of Aaron. I had occasion to speak to a little boy not long ago, not quite twelve years of age, with reference to being ordained. He had notice from his Bishop that he would be acceptable to be ordained a deacon in the ward, and the Bishop indicated his willingness for him to come to his father to be ordained, and he did. I took the matter up with the boy. I wanted to know what he knew about the duties of a deacon. I wanted to learn what he knew about the authority of that office in the lesser priesthood. I wanted to find out what he knew about when the priesthood was restored to earth and unto whom it was restored, and what the meaning of it was, that is, the lesser priesthood. Well, notwithstanding he had been a faithful member of the Sunday School, he did not seem to be posted in relation to these matters. He could not tell who brought the Aronic priesthood to earth in this dispensation, nor upon whom that priesthood had been conferred. He had not been posted as to the importance and effect of the restoration of that priesthood or what it meant to the children of men. I proceeded to convey to his young mind the importance of the office of a deacon in the lesser priesthood. I used this comparison to him, that there is not a king or a potentate sitting upon a throne and exercising power in any of the nations of the earth (except he has been called of God as was Aaron and endowed with the holy priesthood by ordination by one having authority) who possesses the authority which a Deacon did, or that was as sacred as that proposed to be given to him when he was ordained a deacon. All these little things that seem to be small ought to be instilled into the minds

of our little boys from the time they begin to go to school, or as soon as they are able to go to school, and those ordained to the priesthood ought to take up these things and see to it that the youth of Zion, the children of the people of God, shall be taught in these principles of the gospel and of the holy priesthood, with all their bearings, meaning, influence and power for good among men? So that I think we should not deprive our Sunday Schools of men who are clothed with the holy priesthood, and should be there actively engaged as teachers of our children. They should take up these questions and teach them to the children, in order that they may be brought to a proper conception of what they are, what they mean, how sacred they should be held, and that they should not be regarded lightly, but with great reverence. The priesthood is sacred. It is God's power restored to man on earth. It is God's authority delegated to man, and our children should be taught it from the very cradle up.

Now may the Lord bless the Sunday Schools and the teachers thereof, and I trust that the priesthood quorums and the presidents of stakes of Zion, members of High Councils and the Bishops of wards, the teachers, and those who act as teachers in the wards will take an interest, and those presiding will exercise an influence, in the way of supplying our Sabbath Schools bounteously with good teachers who themselves appreciate the value of the priesthood which has been conferred upon them and who hold it sacred themselves and are striving to honor it in their lives. May God help us to do it well, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Have a Purpose.

Have a purpose. No one ever reached great things without trying for them. Thoughts of what is great, love for great ideals, daily acts done in a great spirit, prepare the hero's hour and bring it to him. Purpose makes life.



John Henry Evans.

The captain stood up in the center of the circle of wagons, a huge towering figure with bushy gray beard. For all the world he looked like King Lear, in Shakespeare's play, only not as kingly, or like the picture of the late Count Tolstoi, which every one has seen. The dusk was gathering, the men and women and children were running about like ants, the horses and oxen and cows had been turned out to graze.

"All right in the camp?" Captain Nettlesome demanded in a sonorous voice. "All right in the camp?"

Every eye was turned towards the solitary figure in the center, taking in the familiar outlines for the hundredth time on the journey, and noting also the rather unusual accents of authority in this unusually authoritative voice. Then every eye glanced at the group of emigrants in front of each wagon in the circle. No one spoke a word. But the silence was ominous. Something must be up, the men thought, who were supposed to understand a man better than the women understand him.

"All right in the camp of Israel? All right in the camp of Israel?"

Even the children, who are not supposed to understand anything, knew now that something was the matter, for never in the many days that the company had been on the march had the captain used the words "of Israel" after "camp!" But what could be the matter?

For the third time rang out on the clear even air: "All-right-in-the-camp-of-Israel? All-right-in-the-camp-of-Israel?" This time, however, there was a drawl and emphasis on the words that were truly terrifying.

"Nout's the matter wi' me—nout's the matter wi' me!" shouted Uncle Tommy Harrington, in a high, piping voice.

Everybody felt inclined to laugh, but the inclination died an untimely death in the presence of that towering, that threatening figure in the center of the circle.

Uncle Tommy was next to Mrs. Smith on the right hand of the captain. Nettlesome looked defiantly at Uncle Tommy's neighbor on the *other* side, who said forthwith—

"Everything's all right here!"

"And here also!" said *his* neighbor.

"Ay, ay! the same here, sir!" cried the one next on *his* left.

And so the defiant look and the reassuring answer went the round, till last of all it came Mrs. Smith's turn.

"Nothing's the matter with me!" she replied in answer to his gaze.

"All's right in the camp of Israel." Captain Nettlesome shot out sarcastically, "and a woman lost!"

"She's not lost, sir!" Mrs. Smith rejoined; "she's with her mother, and as safe as I am!"

Not since men and women first undertook to speak to each other have so few words brought about such a whirlwind of wrath as was created

by Mrs. Smith's last speech in the center of that circle.

"Widow Smith," the captain fairly screeched, "I rebuke you in the name of the Lord!"

He paused to note the effect of this speech not only on the widow but also on the silent, horrified faces of the rest of the company. Silence was the only noticeable effect. Then he went on:

"Didn't I tell you that you'd only be a weight about our necks if you came? And here you are—the company'll be delayed another day on your account!"

"You are unjust, sir," Mrs. Smith cried; "not a minute's delay have I caused you, as all these people can testify. You're unjust to me! It was your own fault that we're a day behind, and not mine!"

"What's this—what's this?" Nettlesome snapped. "Beware whom you're talking that way to!"

"I'm only defending myself," was the reply, "seeing there's no one else to defend me. I say again, I've been no trouble to you, nor have I delayed the company."

"And what's this, pray, madam? Where's Jane Saunders?"

"Jane's with her mother in Brother Whitney's company—as safe as I am!"

"Safe! How can she be safe walking over a lone road, a woman as has fits? Tell me that!"

"When she went to join her mother, we were only a little way behind. She could easily have caught them. You needn't worry."

"Hub! I'll have you to understand, madam, that I'm running this company. Nobody asked *me* whether she should go to another company, and I say that we don't move a peg from here till she's brought back safe and sound. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Of course, Mrs. Smith had no pipe

along on this trek, and if she had she would not have smoked. Indeed, any person, even the modern cigarette fiend, would have found it extremely difficult to smoke a bad speech like that. It would have made him sick. But the captain, no doubt, had only lost his temper and found instead some violent language.

"And would you have *me* make the journey myself—I have no one else to make it?" Mrs. Smith demanded. She had a calm way about her that nettled Captain Nettlesome.

"I lay down no laws as to *how* it shall be done," he answered. "I only say it *shall* be done."

Half a dozen men volunteered to go for poor Jane Saunders.

"Whose business *is* this, anyhow, I'd like to know?" the captain demanded in stentorian tones. "Widow Smith and I'll attend to this affair. The rest of you 'tend to your own!" And then turning to his victim again, he repeated—"That woman must be here before morning, or we don't move a peg!"

Now, Mrs. Smith had a young boy in her family, not quite sixteen years old. He was her husband's son by a former wife. After the delivery of this ultimatum by the captain, the two held a brief consultation. Nettlesome waited impatiently till it was finished.

"Well?" he demanded. "What do ye say?"

"John will go tonight."

Then the petty tyrant relaxed his severity and assumed the attitude of the man of responsibility among men of no responsibility.

The young lad was not long in getting ready. With coat slung over his arm, a hunch of corn bread in one hand, and a thick stick two and a half or three feet long in the other, John began a journey which required the greatest heroism to undertake.

In the morning of this day Captain Nettlesome's company and that of

Captain Whitney were almost together. But at noon the former had to stop, owing to some breakdowns, while the latter went on. At the time when the two companies were so close, Jane Saunders—a young woman of not an overly strong mind and subject to fits—had joined her mother in Whitney's company. There was nothing unusual or out of the way in this that the captain should get so enraged and arbitrary. The truth is, that he was annoyed at the success with which Mrs. Smith had been attended thus far, and his annoyance was not in the least mollified by the reflection that her prediction, made to him at the beginning of the journey, that she would yet beat him to the valley and not ask any help from him, would be fulfilled, and that his own prophecy to the effect that she would be nothing but a hindrance to the company would fail. It is a dreadful annoyance to have a small mind!

It was dark before John set out on that night walk. The Whitney company, having been going since noon whereas his own had been at a standstill, would be at least twelve or fifteen miles ahead. To be sure, there was a rut cut into the road pretty deep by this time by the many wagons that had gone over it, and the night, although dark, was not so dark but the road could be followed without much difficulty.

But on other counts the task was not so easy. It was a great wild country. On the right hand and on the left stretched only the dreary and limitless night. In front was a company—he knew not where. Behind was the camp which he might never see again. Even from the silent stars, which appeared farther away than ever, there shot down tonight only a steel-cold unfriendliness. What a small thing is a sixteen-year-old boy in such an eternity!

John had gone but a couple of miles when there reached him a sound that made his heart sink within him. It

was the cry of wolves! He knew, of course, that wolves were supposed to haunt the pioneer trails at night, in search of dead carcasses of man and beast. No one could be with a company of emigrants very long without hearing lurid tales about the ravages of the wolf.

One of these came rather incongruously to his mind now. A lone man, a rider on a western prairie, as the story went, was followed by a pack of twenty wolves. The man, as they came very near, turned in the saddle and shot one. The rest stopped long enough to devour their dead companion, and this gave the rider time to get on again. When the wolves gained on him once more, he shot another, and hastened on. This shooting and devouring continued till only one wolf was left!

John remembered distinctly how thrilling this story was till some one cried out:

"Hold on! That there last wolf must have had nineteen wolves inside of him!"

And the story-teller had answered:

"I hadn't thought about that. But come to think about it he *did* wobble some!"

This story, however, by the law of contrast, called up others which were true. That had been told, by an old trapper, to a crowd of boys who hungered for heroic escapes from ferocious wild animals. But these others were about things that had really happened. Hearing stories around a warm camp fire with plenty of friends about you was a pleasant affair no matter how savage the wolves were, compared to hearing the real wolf cry alone and on a night like this.

But he trudged on.

Presently, as he was ascending a knoll, there broke upon the night a terrifying confusion of yelps and cries. A pack of wolves were a few rods in front of him quarreling and fighting furiously over a carcass.

He paused a moment in his tracks, hardly daring to breathe. Always a thing is not quite what you expected it to be. Of course, John knew that he would hear the wolf-cry. But he had not looked for a whole pack of them quarrelling and fighting in his very path!

What should he do?

He decided on the simplest course—not to disturb them but to go round them as quietly as possible.

And this he did. He took a rather wide detour, hoping thereby to pass them wholly unobserved and unheard. But as he went he kept his eyes toward them. They were growling and snapping at one another, and he rather hoped they would keep this up. In that event they would be the less likely to hear his footsteps. Silently as he could he felt his way through the low brush on the roadside, staring the while at the dark, growling, savage objects over there. Their eyes glinted in the darkness like balls of fire.

All of a sudden he checked himself just as he was about to step into another pack, eagerly intent on another

carcass! With more speed than grace he took to his heels without excusing himself for not helping in the repast.

After that he passed upwards of twenty packs engaged in the same task of satisfying their hunger. Everywhere there was the same savage growling, crying and snapping; the same shining orbs flitting about in the low darkness. But he passed them by at as safe a distance as might be, and you may be sure he took pains to avoid stumbling into such banquets as might happen to be off from the road.

He arrived safely in the small hours of the morning at the Whitney company, found Jane Saunders there sound and whole as she would have been in her Captain Nettlesome's company, and returned with her at day-break to their own wagons.

The boy told his experiences to the family. His mother's words, when he had finished were ample reward for all the hazards of the journey:

"John, you're a brave good boy, and I love you for what you have done! I prayed for you all night."



Just One Step.

By Annie Malin.

Just one step at a time, dear Lord, O may it be
 Each step will bring me nearer unto Thee.
 What though my feet may falter and grow weak,
 Strength will be given if in faith I seek.
 Oh, let me ne'er forget 'tis Thy decree,
 Each worthy deed and thought leads me to Thee.

Six Thousand Miles With the "Mormon" Tabernacle Choir.

Impressions of the Manager.

IV.

From Chicago to Detroit we traveled on the dignified Michigan Central. This changing of railroad hosts became most interesting. Of course we always had our own special cars and it was a real luxury not to be compelled to give up our berths with every change of railroad. A night's ride from Chicago to Detroit brought



EDW. P. KIMBALL,
Assistant Accompanist.

us to the last named city, without accident or special event, just in time to be the guests at another interesting function. Through the efforts of Mr. C. A. Quigley of the Studebaker Company, Salt Lake City, the E. M. and F. Co. had fifty nine automobiles waiting

for us at the Depot and the procession up town was certainly imposing. Our party was unloaded at the public square for breakfast and at ten o'clock again took the machines and were driven to the factories of the E. M. and F. Co. where in squads of about fifty we were piloted over the spacious factory. Here we witnessed the manufacture of every part of an automobile. Motors, steering gears, control levers, axles, brakes, fenders, crank shafts, cylinders, water jackets, piston rings, carburetors, clutches—all were manufactured before our very eyes.

At noon we were dropped again on the public square to lunch as we individually preferred, and at two o'clock another ride took us to the city park, Belle Isle. This is a beautiful Island in the Detroit river. Here our autos were formed in a semi-circle and a photo taken of the party. This is reproduced in the double page picture shown in this issue. The day was quite cold and in strong contrast to my preliminary visit to Detroit in July, when I spent a brief time on Belle Isle. The thermometer at that time was 111 in the shade on the sidewalk. Even the government instruments registered 105 degrees and with the awful humidity it was almost unendurable. I really had misgivings as to whether or not I could survive the day. I got some relief, however, by boarding a river boat plying between the city and Belle Isle. Ten cents was the fare and once aboard one might stay on all day by simply neglecting to disembark at the stations. So I stayed most of the day on this boat. In the afternoon I landed at Belle Isle and buried my nose in the grass. Later I beheld a most unique and gorgeous scene. The lagoon was filled with thousands of small boats with all kinds of decorations and downy coverings. The young men with the paddles, the young ladies

lying back on the luxurious pillows made a pretty picture, and every now and then a subdued phonograph would send forth its music, lending enchantment to the scene. It was not, however, free from the ridiculous, for the strains of "The Holy City" would be so mixed with "Alexander's Rag Time Band," that I was at a loss to know whether I was at church or the theatre.

But let me forget my first trip and return to the choir's pleasant visit.

Our train of fifty autos brought us back to the city just in time for the concert at the Light Guard Armory. We appeared under the management of Mr. James E. Devoe, a well known impressario of Detroit, and Mr. Devoe soon found that strong opposition to the concert had developed on the part of the churches and the women's societies. The Women's Twentieth Century club actively engaged in a warfare against the concert, even going so far as to call residents of Detroit up on the phone and warn them against attending the concert, claiming it to be a propaganda in favor of "Mormonism," and that every dollar paid would be at least indirectly aiding the "Mormon" Church.

While this, no doubt, kept many from attending the concert, still a large and warm audience filled the armory. Nearly everything was encored. The program was magnificently rendered and if there were any shortcomings at Chicago, the choir amply repaid for them at Detroit.

Here are a few excerpts from the Detroit criticisms:

Detroit Free Press, Oct. 28, 1911.

The most pleasing chorus number on the whole was a women's Christmas chorus composed by Mr. Stephens and sung by one hundred voices. The beauty of the work done by the young women made up largely for the poverty of the musical idea.

The soloists included two tenors, a soprano, a baritone, a harpist and a violinist. Of these Willard Weihe, the vio-

linist, was easily the best. He played the finale to the familiar Mendelssohn concerto in a musicianly manner and fairly won his encores. * * * David Reese, tenor, was the most satisfactory of the soloists, for though his voice is distinctly nasal, his style is good. He sang his aria from "La Boheme" with very fine understanding.

Detroit Journal, Oct. 28, 1911.

The Mormon Tabernacle choir, under the able direction of Evan Stephens, its conductor, gave a very satisfying concert last evening in the Light Guard armory, where was assembled an audience in



FRED C. GRAHAM, TENOR.

which were conspicuously absent the regular concert-goers of this musical center. To the devotee of the ultra-modern school, the program would doubtless have seemed lacking in numbers where the value of the indistinct was sought but to the lovers of the obvious such numbers as the "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust," "Dixie," admirably arranged by the director for male chorus, and the sextet from "Lucia," rendered with the chief solo voices, to the number of 50, with still a chorus in the background—to this class of music lovers, and the



NEW YORK CHORUS, TABERNACLE CHOIR,

class is not small, the program was a delight.

But this was not the entire program, as there were several numbers requiring finish and artistic interpretation, as the "Death of Minnehaha," by Coleridge Taylor. One of the most brilliant tenor voices heard here was that of Mr. Reese, whose singing of the Puccini aria from "La Boheme" earned for him a well-deserved encore. Mr. Ensign, baritone, received the same hearty reception as did Mr. Weihe, violinist, whose Mendelssohn Concerto Finale was played with the fire and tempo of a virtuoso, and his intonation was true. Miss White, a young harpist of promise, was the other soloist.

Detroit News, Oct. 28, 1911.

There was no sarcasm in the remark of Evan Stephens, the little Welsh conductor of the Mormon Tabernacle choir, when he said that the armory was a "magnificent auditorium to sing in," and for once Detroiters forgot last night the bareness of the place as the melody of the Lucia sextette rendered by the 50 voices and choir swelled up and filled the big hall. The choir was in excellent voice and the balance, tone and shading in this number in particular showed the careful direction of the conductor.

There is nothing dramatic or peculiar in his style, but the entire group of singers follow as one and the ensemble of the chorus of two hundred called forth a decided ovation from the audience. The program rendered had variety and force, shading from tender religious selections to the powerful style displayed in the portion from the Irrigation Ode. The latter was given as the closing number and brought such a tumult of applause that encores had to be rendered before the audience would leave.

The rendition of "Dixie" by male voices alone was stirring, and after one encore the chorus gave another in praise of Utah to the same air, which especially pleased. There is a swing and vigor to the music as presented by the choir, as though the spirit of the selection was truly felt, and under the direction of Mr. Stephens the audience is carried along with it. There was precision, excellent attack and a sympathy in handling which proves the sincerity of the advance reports of the standing of the choir. The "Hosannah" was beautifully rendered, the religious depths being brought out by tone quality and with the beauty of the phrasing, while the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust was given with dash and force.

Our train remained in the parking station on the edge of the Detroit river that night and early next morning, Oct. 28th, a three hours delightful run over the New York Central railway brought us to Toledo, where we were booked for afternoon and evening concerts, under the management of Miss Kathryn Buck, at the beautiful Valentine theatre. We breakfasted and dined at the Boodie House and were extended a welcome by the Toledo Commercial Club, with the privileges of the club quarters.

The following items are taken from the Toledo papers:

Toledo Blade, Oct. 30, 1911.

While listening to the individual or ensemble work of the Mormon Tabernacle



LINED UP IN FIFTY-NINE AUTOS, BELLE ISLE, DETROIT.

choir in the Valentine Saturday afternoon and evening, one realized that rarely, if ever, has such chorus singing been heard in Toledo. As every string in a perfectly-tuned instrument responds to the touch of the master hand, so every voice in that great chorus followed the movements of Evan Stephens, the conductor, in a rendition of the favorite anthems of the Mormon church, with an intermingling of the works of Donizetti, Gounod, Stephens, Puccini and other noted composers. The shading, the attacks, the finales, the crescendo passages were perfect. There was not a ragged edge anywhere, and this is rare in the work of so large a chorus. The response of the entire 200 voices was instantaneous in every instance, and inspired the audience to the greatest heights of enthusiasm.

Of the sacred numbers, the Hosannah (Stephens), especially composed for the dedication of the Great Salt Lake Temple, and the rendition of Dudley's Buck's arrangement of God Is Our Refuge (from the 42nd Psalm), were among the most inspiring, while of the secular compositions, Gypsy Sweetheart (from the Fortune Teller) as sung by Horace Ensign and choir, and the Lucia Sextette by the 50 solo voices and chorus, were beyond criticism.

The soloists—Miss Edna Evans, soprano; Fred C. Graham, tenor, and Horace S. Ensign, baritone, were received with the highest marks of appreciation, while Miss Lydia White, harpist, and Willard Weihe, violinist, were recalled time and again.

Toledo News, Oct. 30, 1911.

Two very enjoyable concerts were

given Saturday afternoon by the Mormon Tabernacle choir of Salt Lake City. Fully two hundred voices singing the familiar "Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust," and the famous "Sextette" and chorus from "Lucia" made effective numbers.

The men's chorus work was especially good. The women's voices were at their best in the "Christmas Song," by Evan Stephens, the conductor.

The organist of the Salt Lake Tabernacle was the very fine accompanist. The soloists, Miss White, harpist; Miss Evans and Mrs. Browning, sopranos; Mr. Peterson and Mr. Ensign, baritones, and Mr. Weihe, violinist, were greatly appreciated by the small but enthusiastic audiences.

Toledo Times, Oct. 30, 1911.

If the enthusiasm at the Valentine Saturday night could have been coined into dollars, the famous Mormon Tabernacle choir, enroute in its own special cars from Salt Lake City to New York City, would have taken much local wealth that this morning remains for home investment.

The great choir gave two fine concerts at the Valentine Saturday and soloists and chorus were applauded to the echo by those who heard them.

It is in chorus work that the choir is at its best, and it fairly brought the small audience to its feet with the Sextette from Lucia, sung with 50 soloists, and the "Irrigation Ode" will make all who heard it ever more ashamed to sing "How Dry I Am," for surely it is a glorious thing to live in "The Land of Little Rain."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY, - JUNE, 1912

Sowing Wild Oats.

One is sometimes led to wonder if the words, "sowing wild oats," was not the coinage of an unfortunate phrase, a phrase that has carried with it either an apology or a justification for the excesses of youth. The phrase in the first place, is not a parallel comparison, because no farmer intentionally or knowingly sows wild oats. So there can be no parallel between the farmer who sows his seeds and the sinner who sows his "wild oats." He must know what his harvest will be or he must be densely ignorant. The farmer does not expect "wild oats" to result from his sowing. Wild oats came from those volunteer growths of undesirable seed. They are scattered throughout the field of human life to the great detriment of the genuine and desirable class of seeds. It is inconceivable therefore that any husbandman would deliberately plant nox-

ious seeds in his grain fields. "Wild oats" may take root and spring up as the result of indifference and neglect, but the crop they yield is always bad.

What our young men do when they take a downward path in the conduct of life is to neglect life's duties and throw off moral obligations. It is the slothful, the lazy farmer whose fields retrograde from the growth of wild oats and other noxious plants. It is likewise through idleness in youth that so many evil habits make their appearance in the practices of some of our young people. Neglected and idle lives like neglected fields are easily crowded with those noxious growths which choke out that which is useful and profitable.

One of the most fertile sources of the "wild oats" which spring up in the lives of our young people is idleness, sometimes a really enforced idleness for which youth is not so much to blame. The spirit of the times is not free from the sources and seeds of pernicious habits which fall into the lives of our youths when they are least suspecting any danger. This matter therefore, of "sowing wild oats" is not so much the real trouble as the untilled field in which the "wild oats" grow abundantly.

There is no problem confronting the Latter-day Saints in the larger cities and towns more serious and perhaps at the same time more difficult of solution than what is really the compulsory idleness of our children during the school vacations which cover one-fourth of the entire year. Our children will soon be turned from the school room into the streets to be

tempted and in too many instances led astray. Conscientious and thoughtful parents struggle assiduously to keep their children during this period as much as possible within easy reach of the home.

If we are to be successful in keeping "wild oats" out of the lives of our children, their lives must be industriously cultivated by themselves and their parents. Above all they should be employed in some useful way.

What then shall be done to give suitable employment to our youth during those periods of enforced idleness? This is a question of far reaching consequences to the people of our state and nation. Something ought to be done to improve a situation so fruitful of evil consequences. "Wild oats" never trouble a well cultivated farm. They are found in neglected ones. There should be among the Latter-day Saints no thought or excuse for wrong doing simply because it is associated with youth. There is no period of life from which evils should be so vigorously and continuously combatted as in youth. When and where no suitable physical employment can be found or devised to engage the attention and time of the children during school vacation, they should be kept as much as possible in the companionship of their parents, or other kindred friends of sterling character, and the children should be encouraged to mix their play and recreations with a home-study of gospel lessons, which they may not get in the schools.

In line with the thought of the foregoing, it may not be amiss to quote a little Bible Scripture. The Lord said to Judah and Jerusalem: "Break up your fallow ground and sow not among thorns." (Jeremiah 4: 3.) Christ, in the parable of the Sower, (Matt. 13: 3-9), spoke of the seed which fell among thorns and the "thorns sprung up and choked them." Seed sown among thorns is like the truth falling among the "wild oats"

of their victims. The result of sowing seeds of any kind is stated plainly by Paul. (Gal. 6:7-8). He says:—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

A case in point: Not long ago a young man came to this city, and submitted himself to the inspection of a physician and the doctor discovered that the young man was entering the worst stage of a loathsome, incurable disease.

He had been sowing his "wild oats." He had sown "to his flesh" and was now reaping "of the flesh corruption." Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Hosea says of ancient Israel, who forsook God and righteousness (Hosea 8: 7): "For they have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind"—etc. as in sowing to the flesh, the crop is corruption, of a terrible deadly kind. So also in sowing to the "wind"—the harvest was the "whirlwind." It is therefore to be desired that all men and no less the youth of Zion should sow not "wild oats" but righteousness that they may reap in mercy, the seed which they sow, for as James says (James 3:18): "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Again this just and true sentiment was spoken by the wise man. (Prov. 11:18-19): "The wicked man worketh a deceitful work but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward. As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil (or "sows wild oats") pursueth it to his own death."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

The School Vacation.

The school vacation will soon be here when the school houses will empty

thousands of their students into the homes, into the streets, and into the public resorts. In many cases the cessation of study means the beginning of all too many frivolities. Among many there is a false idea that this vacation means rest, that it is what the students need in order to recuperate to prepare themselves for the school life of another year.

That "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an adage containing considerable truth, but our children are not suffering in these times from any lack of amusement. Many parents are expending more on amusements than on their daily bread. This is a pleasure seeking world, and men and woman labor under the delusion that success is measured by one's ability to revel in all the passing pleasures of the age, pleasures that are constantly creating the most frivolous ideas in the minds of our children. The excessive pleasures of youth too often mean the sorrows of old age.

No thoughtful man or woman will deny that our children would be infinitely better off if they were transported en masse from the school house to the farm when their summer vacation begins. It is not unlikely that some day public farms will be used as a medium of education for our young men and women. We must look more and more to vocational training, to the trades, to the farms for the better development of our youth. Our young people whose parents are farmers find the opportunities they need; but in our larger cities the enforced idleness of our children is a serious matter to thousands of thoughtful fathers and mothers.

People in the larger cities cannot support independent farms for the education and employment of their children during the long summer season. They might however, if they were sufficiently well united, co-operate in

a movement by which a co-operative farm could be established and their children employed in useful labor that would reward them in money, health, and good morals if they were under the direct influence of intelligent farm management. The state may some time realize the necessity of vocational training on the farm and in the shops.

One of the greatest defects in the training of our youth is their inability to do things. They too frequently get knowledge and cannot act upon it. Knowledge that does not help to put and keep the machinery of life in motion is not the most useful kind. There is today no adequate employment for our young people. Men will not utilize their services unless there is money in them, and so our boys and girls often go from place to place in search of employment after they leave the public schools. At that period of life only a comparatively small number of people can afford to send their children to the high schools.


Conditions which arise from these circumstances of our public school life and the early training of our young people are most serious. They call for the deliberate and intelligent action of our leading men and women. When once we have made a beginning in the right direction in the employment of our school children during their vacation, and in their vocational training after they have graduated from the eighth grade of the public schools, we shall by patient effort and intelligent direction work out one of the most important problems with which we as a people have today to deal.

In concluding let us admonish the Latter-day Saints to restrain their children as much as possible from the excessive pleasures and frivolities into which they will be allured during the school vacation by those who use such opportunities for their individual gain.

Some men are like blotters—they soak up everything that comes their way, but never give anything in return.




SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay
and Stephen L. Richards.*



CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR JULY.

SUBJECT—AUTHORITY IN THE MINISTRY.

FIRST SUNDAY—FIFTH ARTICLE OF FAITH.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy and by the laying on of hands by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof.

SECOND SUNDAY—AUTHORITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

(Hebrews 5:4.)

And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.

THIRD SUNDAY—DIVINE AUTHORITY IN THIS DISPENSATION.

(Doctrine and Covenants, Section 13.)

Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JULY.

(D. S. S. S. No. 19.)

Precious Savior, dear Redeemer,
Thy sweet message now impart.
May thy spirit, pure and fervid,
Enter ev'ry timid heart.

Note—For instructions concerning methods of presenting concert recitations, see *Juvenile Instructor*, for January, 1912, pp. 22, 23.

Ward Union Meetings.

The most successful means yet adopted to bring the local Sunday School workers in touch with their respective stake officers is the monthly central union meeting. However, there are several stakes in the Church where conditions are unfavorable to the success of these meetings. This is particularly true of stakes in which the wards are long distances from the place where the union is held. In such stakes, therefore, in which conditions and past experience do not, in the joint judgment of the General Board and the Stake authorities warrant the holding of successful stake central Union meetings, it is suggested that ward Union meetings be held.

The following is the plan proposed:

1. The meeting should be held in the ward at two o'clock p. m. on one Sunday of each month, under the supervision of the stake Board, at which all the officers and teachers in the ward are expected to be in attendance.

2. In wards in which the Sacrament meetings are held at two o'clock, the ward union should be held, with the consent of the bishop, in connection therewith. In such instances, the Bishop, of course, will preside; but the program and order of business should be so arranged as to insure to the officers and teachers of the school at least one hour of department work.

3. The Stake Board should be composed of a sufficient number of members to enable each ward in the stake to hold a union meeting once each month with not fewer than two stake Board workers in attendance.

4. No Unions should be held on Fast Day; so all Ward Unions will be held within a period of three Sundays each month.

5. The following is a suggestive order of business:

1. Effort should be made to have everyone present at least five minutes before time of commencement.
2. With the names of the officers and teachers on a specially prepared list, the secretary should call a silent roll, and hand to the superintendent, so that those present in each department may be known before adjourning for department work.
3. Singing.
4. Prayer.
5. Singing.
6. Administration of Sacrament.
7. Instructions.
8. Department work (Let Parents' Department occupy the main assembly).
9. Re-assembling.
10. Singing.
11. Benediction.

Where only two or three members of the Stake Board are in attendance, it will be necessary to combine two or more departments.

This should be kept in mind in making out programs for department work. The following grouping will be found helpful:

1. Superintendency, Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, Chorister and Organist.
2. Parents.
3. Theological, Second Intermediate, First Intermediate departments.
4. Primary and Kindergarten.

At the end of each month the combined average attendance at these meetings should be sent to the General Secretary of the Sunday School Union as the report of the monthly Union meeting.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

The Deseret Sunday School Union.

The Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday evening, April 7th, was very successful. The Tabernacle was crowded to its capacity, and many were unable to gain admission. The musical program was of the highest order, and was furnished by the Ogden Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of Elder Joseph Ballantyne. Following is the program:

- 1—"Hark, Hark My Soul".....Shelley
Myrtle B. Higley, Walter Stephens,
and Ogden Tabernacle Choir.
- 2—Prayer by Elder James W. Ure
- 3—"O Holy Night".....Adam
Bessie Blair and Choir
- 4—Roll Call, Report and Presentation
of General Sunday School authori-
ties.
- 5—Topic, "Music," by Elder Horace S.
Ensign.
- 6—"Crowned with the Tempest".....Verdi
Lawrence Greenwell and Choir
- 7—"Teaching by Example".....
.....President Chas. W. Penrose
- 8—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought"
.....Ambrose
Elsie Shorten and Choir
- 9—"The Priesthood in the Sunday
School".....Prest. Jos. F. Smith
- 10—"Hymn to Music".....Buck
Ogden Tabernacle Choir
- 11—Remarks by Prest. Anthon H. Lund
- 12—"The Lord of Hosts" (from 46th
Psalm Buck
Ogden Tabernacle Choir
- 13—Benediction

Officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

The brethren whose names are printed at the head of our Editorial columns in this issue were unanimously sustained as the officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union, at the Conference of the Union, held Sunday evening, April 7th, 1912.

Statistical Report.

The General Secretary's report for 1911 read April 7th, showed the following:

Enrollment.

Ward officers and teachers.....	20,712
Pupils	134,928
Parents' department.....	22,774
Stake officers	844
	<hr/>
	179,258

Increase:

Teachers	648
Pupils	3,374

Total4,022 4,022

Decrease:

Parents	172
Board Members	21
	<hr/>
	193 193

Net Increase..... 3,829

Percentages.

Teachers 69%—a gain of 1%.

This means that in the organized stakes we had 614 more teachers in school every Sunday than for the previous year.

Pupils, 59% in the organized stakes; or 5,211 more children in the Sunday Schools every Sunday than for the year 1910.

Bird Day.

At the suggestion of Prof. J. H. Paul, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board has set aside a special day on which the pupils of the Sunday Schools should be taught the value of our native birds. The first Sunday in June has been fixed as the day to be used after this year, but in order to give time to the Sunday Schools to properly prepare for the occasion, this year's bird day has been fixed for the first Sunday in August. This decision was arrived at just as we were going to press, and the suggestive programs will be given in our next issue.

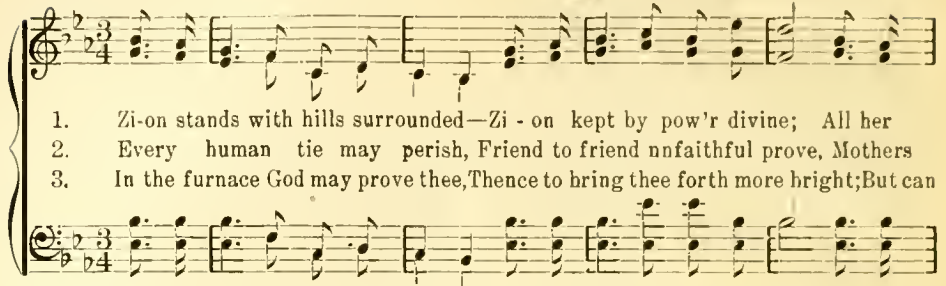
Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

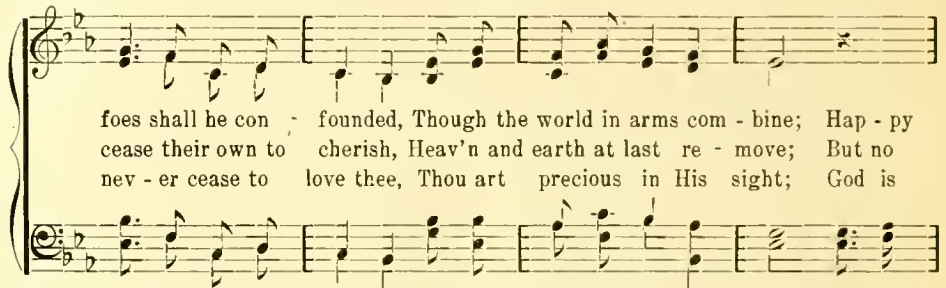
Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

WORDS BY KELLY.

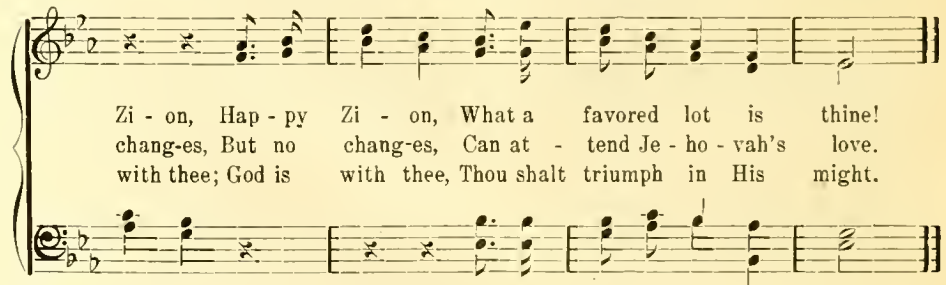
MUSIC BY JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.



1. Zi-on stands with hills surrounded—Zi - on kept by pow'r divine; All her
2. Every human tie may perish, Friend to friend unfaithful prove, Mothers
3. In the furnace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright; But can



foes shall be con - founded, Though the world in arms com - bine; Hap - py
cease their own to cherish, Heav'n and earth at last re - move; But no
nev - er cease to love thee, Thou art precious in His sight; God is



Zi - on, Hap - py Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine!
chang-es, But no chang-es, Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
with thee; God is with thee, Thou shalt triumph in His might.

How to Study a Song.

When you have selected a song to learn, first read the text over carefully, again and again. If the lyric is a good one, you will find enough in it to employ your best thought and imagination. Next go over the melody associated with it, time and again. If well written, you will find it closely wedded to the meaning of the text; the intervals, time, rhythm and accent bring out the thought contained in the poem, giving it additional color and

interest. With this preparation you may begin to sing the song. To the intellectual grasp you add the singer's instinct or faculty, and the song becomes thrice valuable; for you have endowed it with the combined power of three mighty forces—Poet, Musician and Singer. It is difficult to say which is the greatest of these, but true it is, that most devolves upon the singer.—L. S. B.

Librarians' Department.

Books for the Home Library.

Mrs. Karen M. Jacobson, Library Organizer of Utah.

In response to the many requests for lists for home libraries, the following list has been compiled from well-known authorities, and every title given is worth while. The notes have been largely taken from Edna Lyman, author of "Story Telling." The list does not pretend to be inclusive of all the good books in print, but simply suggestive as to what a home library should be—books for both boys and girls, covering all ages and all tastes and wide enough in scope to represent every class of book of interest at some period in the life of the normal child.

It is hoped that the grade and note will be more helpful to the parent in making successful selection from this longer list than a short arbitrary "List for Every Home" could be. In response, however, to the request for "Ten Books for the Home," titles have been starred (*) that every child should know.

PICTURE BOOKS.

- | | | |
|-----|--|--------|
| 6-8 | Boutet de Monvel, L. M. Joan of Arc.....Century | \$3.00 |
| | The most ideal biography for children ever written. The illustrations are marvels of art. | |
| 1-3 | Brooke, L. L. Golden Goose Book.....Warne | 2.00 |
| | Contents: Golden Goose, Three Bears, Three Little Pigs, Tom Thumb. The most artistic and entirely satisfactory illustrating of these old favorites. | |
| 1-3 | Caldecott, R. High-Diddle-DiddleWarne | 1.25 |
| | Contents: Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid? High-Diddle-Diddle, and Baby Bunting, A Frog He would a Wooing Go, The Fox Jumps over the Parson's Gate. By one of the greatest English illustrators. | |
| 2 | Crane, W. Mother Hubbard, Her Picture Book.....Lane | 1.25 |
| | Contents: Mother Hubbard, Three Bears, The Absurd A B C. More complicated in design than Leslie Brook's, but an illustrator whose work should be known by every child. | |
| 1-3 | Greenaway, K. Mother GooseWarne | .60 |
| | A splendid introduction to the quaint and unusual art of Kate Greenaway, who ranks among the foremost English illustrators. | |
| 1-2 | Potter, B. Tale of Benjamin Bunny.....Warne | .50 |
| | Tale of Peter RabbitWarne | .50 |
| | Ideal for the little child, being characterized by imagination, action and simplicity. | |
| 3-4 | Smith, E. B. Story of Noah's Ark.....Houghton | 1.25 |
| | Mr. E. Boyd Smith has shown himself an illustrator of much merit. The pictures are such as a child would create for himself, and are not intended as a serious picturing of the Bible narrative. | |

BIBLE STORIES.

- | | | |
|-----|--|------|
| 4-6 | Beale, S. B. Stories from the Old Testament.....Duffield | 2.00 |
| | One of the best collections of Old Testament stories. Much of the original wording is retained while such portions as are of no interest to the child are omitted. | |
| 4-5 | Bunyan, J. Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated by Rhead Brothers...Century | 1.50 |
| | "This will not be read by many children, but to the occasional child it will become one of the books of his life." | |
| | Gillie, R. C. The Story of Stories.....Macmillan | 1.25 |
| | "One of the best, if not the best of the lives of Christ written for young people." | |

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS.

- 5*-6 Aesop's Fables; told anew by J. Jacobs.....Macmillan 1.50
 "The peculiar value of the fables is that they are instantaneous photographs, which reproduce, as it were, in a single flash of light, some one aspect of human nature."
- 4-6 Anderson, H. C. Wonder Stories.....Houghton 1.00
 The same published under title *Fairy Stories*, by Mrs. E. Lucas. It is a mistake to let children read Anderson too young. "Anderson was the creator of a literature of the highest value. Nothing would do more to bring Americans to make a just valuation of the different interests of life and the spiritual instead of a material scale of values than to be brought up on fairy stories."
- 5-6 Arabian NightsLongmans 2.00
 These tales picture better than books of travel or histories, the Oriental atmosphere.
- Craik, Mrs. D. M. Little Lame Prince, illustrated by Hope Dunlap. Rand 1.25
 A charming, though rather sad story.
- 4-6 Dodgson, C. L. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.....Macmillan 1.00
 One of the classics in children's literature which has no rival. It will be read and re-read if it is not given to children too early.
- Through the Looking-glass.....Macmillan 1.00
 Sequel to Alice in Wonderland.
- 5-6 Franch, A. Sir Marrok; a Tale of the Days of King Arthur.....Century 1.00
 The lesson taught is that of the triumph of honesty and chivalry over craft and cunning.
- 3-5 Grimm, J. L. & W. K. Fairy Tales; tr. by Mrs. E. Lucas and illustrated by Arthur RackhamLippincott 1.50
 More widely known and popular than any fairy stories.
- 5-7 Harris, J. C. Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.....Appleton 2.00
 Negro folk stories filled with quaint humor and wisdom. Especially good when read aloud.
- 4-5 Howells, W. D. Christmas Every Day, and Other Stories.....Harper 1.25
 Humorous stories of the nonsense type.
- 4-5 Kingsley, C. Water Babies, illustrated by L. Santhourne.....Macmillan 1.00
 The complete story.
- The same: told to children by Amy Steedman.....Dutton .50
 One of the few cases where an adaptation seems permissible. The tendency to moralize to which Kingsley fell a victim has spoiled a really beautiful modern fairy tale, and Miss Steedman simply left out the moralizing.
- 4-6 Kipling, R. Jungle Book.....Century 1.50
 The story of a boy whose parents were killed by a tiger, and how he was adopted by wolves.
- Second Jungle BookCentury 1.50
 A continuation of the above.
- 4 Lorenzini, C. Pinocchio; the Adventures of a Marionette; illustrated by CopelandGinn 1.00
- 4-6 MacDonald, G. At the Back of the North Wind.....Dutton 1.50
 A modern story which has already become a classic.
- 4-5 Pyle, H. Wonder Clock; or Four and Twenty Marvelous Tales..Harper 2.00
- 4-6 Ruskin, J. King of the Golden River.....Page .50
 An allegory very beautifully told which children ought to read if for no other reason than the exquisite English.
- 3-6 Scudder, H. E. ed. Children's Book.....Houghton 2.50
 The best single volume collection of children's stories. If a child could have but one book, this is the one.
- 5-6 Stockton, F. R. Fanciful Tales.....Scribner .50
 Tales which represent Stockton's more poetic side, and yet are characterized by a charming and delicate humor.
- 5-6 Thackeray, W. M. Rose and the Ring, illus. by Gordon Browne..Stokes 1.25
 Really a satire on the exaggerations of modern fairy tales, but to the child a delightful nonsense tale.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

Public Amusements.

The perils or benefits of public amusements depend principally upon the character and sufficiency of the regulation and supervision extended by the Home or the Community.

Uncontrolled amusements are more dangerous to a neighborhood than any other undirected efforts whether of mind or body. Unbridled pleasures are as harmful to the individual as unrestricted diet. And yet, fun and diversion are as humanly necessary as food, and equally as beneficial, provided the quality and quantity of each is determined and regulated with care.

Properly directed, amusements develop mind and character. But without direction they are at best only imitations of the purposeless play of a kitten; and at their worst become sugar-coated destructions of the human soul.

In and of itself pleasure is never sinful. Joy and merriment are divine rewards for righteousness. The Prophet Zachariah, speaking of the restored Jerusalem says, that "the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." Desire for recreation is commendable in both old and young. It evidences possession of a healthy body and a wholesome spirit. The sick and the guilty are equally incapable of appreciating pleasure. No one ever associates a hospital or a prison with the idea of enjoyment.

The whole problem of amusements is really a question of what, where, and when. Every gratification is wrongful, if it impairs strength of body, or lowers respect for self or others, or weakens appreciation of things spiritual. Every place of amusement is improper, if attendance would shock the sense of womankind. Every occasion of pleas-

ure is sinful, if it violates a commandment of God, or justly offends a human being.

Pleasure itself is never harmful; but the abuse thereof is always injurious. Prompted by avarice or wickedness, men have surrounded innocent amusements with sinful environments. These the home and the community have a right to attack. But the onslaught should be upon the environments, not upon the amusements. Occasionally it may be necessary to destroy the good, in order to exterminate the bad; but usually a clear distinction should be made between evil environments or the evil use of amusements, and such amusements themselves.

It would be improper and wasteful to destroy a beautiful garden, simply because it harbors a saloon. The remedy is to close the saloon. It would be absurd to stop a baseball game merely because a player fights. The cure is removal of the offender. It is always regrettable if a good thing or a good person is condemned for evil surroundings, unless such have been invited or encouraged.

Mere suppression of sports and amusements is unavailing and self-deceptive. We would not starve the body just because most diseases are the result of improper eating. Neither should we terminate amusements simply because the misuse thereof has in the past and may again lead to evil. Indiscriminate prohibition never produces reform. It only changes the geographical location of the tempting evil. A dearth of legitimate entertainments causes illegitimate amusements to run riot.

Proper substitution, instead of prohibition, is always the preferable method of reform. Detrimental pleasures can be most successfully destroyed by encouraging innocent ones, and then

furnish the latter with proper environments and supervision. If the baseball grounds or bowling alley permit drinking or smoking, establish better ones where such offenses are prohibited. If the boys and girls frequent distant undesirable places of amusement, construct a desirable one in your own neighborhood. If the theaters and picture shows attract the youth on Sunday, close them by law, *but simultaneously furnish equally attractive and interesting meetings in your Church or in your Home.*

Neither law nor parental authority will successfully prevent association in groups among young people. They will go where they can find their own kind and age. Any attempt to avoid this human instinct may produce deception as to place or time of meeting, or may encourage law-breaking and rebellion against authority, but it never changes the inborn love for companionship. *Human association is the primal law of our being, and the foundation of all society.* Amusement is the inevitable outgrowth and requirement of such association. It is pleasure and entertainment for the young; comfort and delight for the aged.

Recognizing the existence of this innate desire for association, and its accompanying wish for amusement, there arises a responsibility not only for its development toward a desirable inclination, but also for the furnishing of a sufficient quantity of seasonable enjoyments. That responsibility and its resulting duties rests primarily upon the Home, either in its individual capacity, or in that co-operative form, which we usually term the community.

It cannot be evaded by merely complaining of existing conditions, or theorizing upon wished-for ideals. Grumbling and fault-finding are as ineffectual upon the one hand, as sentimental discoursing upon "How to make the world better" is upon the other.

Affirmative and individual action is required. *Some one or more individuals must become community leaders in the problem of neighborhood amusements; and some one or more individuals must find time sufficient to give it personal care and supervision.*

Not every person is capable of discharging this important function. It requires the possession of a spirit young enough to harmonize with youth and a mind developed enough to furnish proper guidance. But if a community is sufficiently interested, such men and women can be found in every neighborhood.

In matters other than amusements, distress is relieved and errors corrected by the organized efforts of interested men and women, and the securing of expert assistance. Funds, time and aid is found for the teaching of music and for the use of desirable books, because parents recognize the duty of extending such opportunities and the necessity of furnishing skillful assistance and supervision. Why should the natural inclination for frolicking pleasure be permitted to develop without assistance, and drift along in its self-chosen course without definite guidance or even serious consideration?

If evil results from this neglect, *who is to blame?*

Summer Pleasure-Seeking.

Lesson 1. Sabbath Breaking.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: But the seventh is the sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work."

1. To what extent is this true: Mothers are slaves to the Sabbath. What can fathers and mothers and children do to correct this evil? What will you do?

2. Discuss the Parents' Class habit as a cure for Sabbath breaking.

3. Practical people demand practi-

cal reasons. Show from a dollar and cents standpoint why it does not pay to break the Sabbath. Give other practical reasons.

4. Discuss the growing habit of making the Sabbath a day of recreation.

- a. What evils are resulting?
- b. How can Sunday be made spiritually recreative?
- c. How far is the effect of Sunday School lessons being killed by loafing and improper pastimes during the Sunday afternoon?
- d. Discuss the advisability and practicability of gathering the children on Sunday afternoon for wholesome pastimes in various places and guiding them in uplifting recreation.
- e. How far can and should parents play the part of companions with their children during the leisure hours of the Sabbath?

Lesson 2. Participation by Parents in Children's Pleasures.

1. To what extent is it true that parents are making slaves of themselves, taking little or no recreation, and allowing their children to run riot in pleasure-seeking?

2. Certain wards have set aside a half-holiday during the week during summer time, for parents and children to join in recreation. Discuss the advisability and practicability of this in your community.

3. What can be done in the home to foster companionship in play between parents and children?

4. How far is it practicable and advisable for parents to try to participate in such pleasures as riding, resort going, dancing, canyon excursions, ball games, with their children?

5. If the parent cannot participate, how else can he exercise a controlling influence over these pastimes?

6. Is it true that we must control these pleasures or lose our children?

Lesson 3. Public Amusements.

(Read the article that opens these lessons.)

Discuss the following:

1. Prohibition of public pleasures, or regulation and substitution—which?

2. Does it pay to allow our pleasures to be run on a money-making basis? Is not this the prime source of the evils that come of them?

3. Should each community provide free pleasures—as dances, games, picture shows, etc.—just as it now provides free schools? Would it be more costly or less?

4. Can we control our pleasures unless we own the places and institutions that provide them?

5. What free pleasures does your community now provide? What more might it offer?

6. What is the average cost per family in your community for recreation—such as dancing, shows, resorts, refreshments, excursions and riding, swimming, loafing?

7. For the money now spent for foolish pleasures what wholesome pastimes might be provided?

8. What do you think of the proposition to provide play directors for each community?

9. What concerted movement can be taken in your ward or city to lessen the expenses and guard children from moral dangers of indiscriminate pleasure seeking?

Lesson 4. Summer Employment for the Young.

1. What provision do you make for wholesome employment and recreation of your children during the summer months?

2. What can be done effectively to interest children in lines of wholesome and profitable activity?

3. Certain educators are striving

to direct boy enthusiasm into profitable channels, by organizing "Potato Clubs," "Corn Clubs," by encouraging children in gardening, chicken raising, bee culture, etc. Discuss the feasibility of such movements.

4. What do you think of the propositions to have "Continuation Schools," in which the boys and girls may spend part of each summer day at learning various trades, or studying agriculture, stock raising, or

music, or being guided in their reading, etc.?

5. What might be done in your community along these lines? Invite your teachers and trustees to join you in this discussion.

Note: We offer four lessons this month with the suggestion that the three most vital be chosen for your class. If desirable, all may be dealt with.

Theological Department.

*Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.
Edw'n G. Woolley, Jr.*

Paul's Ephesian Environment.

In the city of Ephesus there were three distinct powers, which were brought into contact or conflict in the first and second centuries: the hierarchy of the temple, the government of the city, and the new religion preached by St. Paul. At first it is clear that there was no opposition on the part of the municipal government to Christianity. The secretary of the city speaks for the government and points out that the Christians have not been guilty of disrespect in act or word towards the established system, while the rioters have brought the city into danger of reprimand and punishment from the imperial rule. The whole tone is one of superiority to, and almost of contempt for, the superstitious and vulgar, together with recognition of the right of St. Paul to preach, so long as he showed proper respect to the laws and institutions of the city. A convinced Christian, who was at the same time a man of affairs, could not have taken a line that was better calculated to put St. Paul in the right and the rioters in the wrong; and we shall probably not err in believing that the general tone of the educated officials and

the priests of high rank at this time was one of perfect equanimity and general philosophic interest in the preaching of St. Paul; whereas, the superstitious and vulgar mob were strongly opposed to him. This state of opinion lasted till near the end of the first century. But the violent feelings roused during the reign of Domitian combined with the realization on the part of the officials and the higher priesthood that the growing power of Christianity threatened the existing order of things and would if successful sweep it away, led to a union among all the classes which were not opposed to the existing order, among those who were not Christians. Christianity spread rapidly until there was a later revival of paganism.

The Temple of Diana (Latin) or Artemis (Greek) was built to the Goddess of that name, who plays such an important part in the narrative of Acts xix. The Ephesian Diana was, however, regarded as invested with very different attributes, and made the object of a different worship from the ordinary Diana of the Greeks, and is rather, perhaps, to be identified with Astarte and other female divinities of the east. In some respects there was doubtless a fusion of the two. Diana



ST. PAUL, THE APOSTLE.

Alonso Cano.

was the goddess of rivers, pools and harbors. Again, on coins of Ephesus, we sometimes find her exhibited as a huntress and with a stag. This idol was regarded as an object of peculiar sanctity and was believed to have fallen down from heaven. (Acts xix 35). The cry of the mob, (Acts xix 28), "Great is Diana of the Ephesians whom all Asia and the world worshippeth," may be illustrated from a variety of sources. The term *Great* was evidently a title of honor recognized as belonging to the Ephesian goddess. There can be no doubt that the temple of Ephesian Artemis was used as a place of deposit for treasure, both by the city and by private individuals. This function strengthened the bonds that united the city and the temple. It is uncertain how this city money was managed, as there are few Ephesian inscriptions about financial matters. The temple and its precinct were inviolable. No arms might be borne within the sacred precinct, implying that in primitive times, when arms were commonly carried the goddess provided that her worship should be a peaceful influence. The traditional power and influences of the temple met Paul continually in Ephesus.

Fourth Year.

Lesson for July.

The lessons for July deal with "The Dispersion of Israel," "The Gathering

of Israel," and "Zion," respectively.

On the first topic an abundance of historical material is available. The ancient Scriptures are also replete with prophecies concerning the dire fate awaiting the Israelites in case of their turning away from Jehovah. The prophecy of Moses (Deut. 28) is one of the most notable of these. The general attitude of the prophecies is summarized in this proverb, "Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

The gathering of Israel is predicated upon their repentance and the renewal of their covenants with God. As unrighteousness brought about the dispersion so righteousness and the Providence of the Lord is bringing about the gathering. It is the gathering in righteousness that is to establish Zion, the pure in heart.

In a very significant sense Zion is in the hearts of the people. This land is Zion to those whose hearts are purified. To the ungodly it is not Zion.

Likewise, the building up of Zion in Palestine is dependent, not solely upon the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, but also upon their repentance of their sins and unbelief, and their return to the sincere worship of God. There are now thousands of Jews in Palestine. The land is or can be made, productive; but the most important change of all remains yet to be realized—the change in the hearts of the people.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Second Year Work.—Lessons for July.

[Prepared by Joel Ricks, Cache Stake.]

Lesson 55. Preaching and Prophecies of Nephi.

Text: Heleman, chapters 6 to 12.

Time, between years 65 and 86 of reign of the Judges.

The events narrated in this lesson took place in the city of Zarahemla, the capital city of the Nephite country. This city was located on the west bank of the Sidon river, about midway of its course, and near the center

of the land Zarahemla. See map. Land Zarahemla was in that part of South America, now known as Colombia, and the Sidon river is now called the Magdalena.

Call attention to the condition of the people at this time. The Nephites had become contaminated with the sins of the Gadiantons, while many of the Lamanites had accepted the Gospel, and were living lives of righteousness. Explain that the Gadiantons were members of a secret organization the purpose of which was to further the interest of its members in gaining wealth and position in the government. They were for the most part wicked men, and they did not scruple at any thing, murder or robbery, to accomplish their ends. At this time they had become very numerous and had obtained complete control of the government.

Formulate a story covering the return of Nephi from his missionary journey into the land northward, his sorrow at the condition of the people of his native city, his prayer upon the tower in his garden, the gathering of the people, his prophecy of the murder of Cezoram, the Chief Judge, and what came of it.

Note the promise of the Lord to Nephi, and have the class read chapter 10, verses 4 to 12, and point out that authority was given him to bring war and famine upon the people unless they repented of their sins. The result.

Emphasize the fact that God works through His servants, and that repentance always brings relief.

LESSON NOTE.

It is a peculiar coincident, that at the time of the discovery of that region, 400 years ago, the Indians preserved a tradition of the coming among them, many ages before, of a wise teacher unto whom power was given to shut up the heavens that rain should not fall upon the earth. That man was taken to heaven without tasting death. Compare with the life of Nephi.

Lesson 56. Samuel the Lamanite.

Reference, Heleman, 13, 14, 15, 16.
Time, Year 86 of the Judges.

Place, City of Zarahemla.

Review the condition of the Nephites as described in chapter 11. Have some member of the class tell the story of the coming of Samuel from land Nephi, and trace his probable route on the map.

Develop the main points of his prophecy, namely:

The signs of the birth of the Savior.

The signs of His death.

The three days of darkness.

The terrible commotions of the first three hours.

The final destruction of the Nephites.

Tell of the effect of the teachings of Samuel, the attempt to take his life, and his escape out of the land.

Suggestive Aim: God does nothing until He first reveals His purpose to His servants.

Lesson 57. The Promised Signs.

Time, 92nd year of the Judges.

Place, Land Zarahemla.

Text: III Nephi, 1, 2.

Call attention to the condition of the people, and how they doubted the prophecies of the prophets concerning the signs of the birth of the Savior which were believed by the Saints to be near at hand. The Saints were looking daily for the appearance of the signs, which subjected them to persecutions at the hands of unbelievers, who had determined that if the sign spoken of by Samuel was not manifest by a certain time that they would put to death all who believed in it. Note the anxiety of Nephi when he heard of their intentions. Tell of his prayer, and how the Lord spoke to him and told him that the sign would be given that very night. Draw a mental picture of the scene when it became evident at the going down of the sun that

darkness was not to come as usual; but it continued as light as mid-day. Tell of the astonishment of the people, of the new star, and the effect upon the people.

LESSON NOTES.

In that region, as in the tropics generally, the long period of twilight that we enjoy in these northern climes is practically unknown, darkness follows pretty closely upon the heels of the sun, and within a few minutes after the going down of the sun, darkness covers the land.

The teacher will find that a knowledge of the physical conditions of that part of South America embraced within the limits of the land Zarahemla will be of great assistance in treating these lessons. Often when interest lags in the class, one can recall the attention of the students by diverting for a moment, and telling of the great mountains which were the hiding places of the Gadian-ton, of the tropic forests with their wondrous trees and vegetation, and the animal life found there. We think this would be better than to read some fiction story, foreign to the lesson, as many do now.

To aid the teacher in this line we suggest the reading of such books as Prescott's Peru, Baldwin's Ancient America, Prescott's America, The Story of the Book of Mormon, The Dictionary of the Book of Mormon, or even the articles in any good encyclopedia. The Juvenile for 1906 has a number of articles on land Zarahemla which could be read with profit.

The books referred to above can be secured from the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

Suggestive Fast Day Exercises.

[Prepared by Elmer P. Howell, Salt Lake Stake.]

The anniversary of our nation's birthday is now before us and at this time all true patriots naturally turn their thoughts back to those troublous war times in which our nation was born, and in fancy we see before us Washington himself, directing with masterly hand those affairs which have resulted in making us what we are.

We wonder how any one man could have risen to the height he attained.

"First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," he held perhaps a position which no other man before or since him has held—one which he gained through careful application and practice of those principles which we all sooner or later must learn, if we will have truly noble characters. The following "Rules of Behavior," said to have been copied and put into his daily life by him when but a mere boy, give us an insight into the foundation of his character upon which that courtesy, affability and true nobleness of nature for which he was noted were built. They stand here as preserved by him:

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.

3. Be no flatterer, neither play with anyone that delights not to be played with.

4. Read no letters, books, nor papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it you must ask leave. Come not near the writing or books of anyone so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

5. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

6. Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

7. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any straight place, to give way to him to pass.

8. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according

to his degree, and the custom of the place.

9. Strive not with your superior in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

10. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous, the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

11. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely.

12. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring your words out too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

13. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

14. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

15. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion, and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

16. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

17. Go not thither where you know not whether you will be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked; and when desired do it briefly.

18. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

19. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor in earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

20. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy.

21. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

For assignment it is suggested that the teacher on the Sunday before Fast Day ask each member of the class to write on a slip of paper some rule of behavior which he thinks is often

broken, and bring it to Sunday School on Fast Day. In class the teacher or a pupil should read this article and the members can compare their rules with these, watching to see if they have any the same. Follow this with the reading by the pupils of those rules which they have, not contained herein. A general discussion should then follow, the teacher aiming to discover which appeal to the children and why and to emphasize and apply all important points brought out.

Fourth Year.

[Prepared by Henry Peterson.]

Lesson 55. Josiah's Reign and Reformation.

At the death of Solomon, as we have learned in former lessons, his great empire was divided into five parts of which the small kingdoms of Israel and Judah were scripturally the most important ones. (See Rand-McKally Bible Atlas, p. 27). In former lessons also we have seen the fall of the kingdom of Israel and the captivity of its inhabitants in the year 722 B.C.

The kingdom of Judah begins its history with the reign of Jeroboam, son of Solomon, 975 B.C. Fifteen kings intervene between him and Josiah, the subject of this lesson. Their combined time was a little more than three hundred years. During this time, Judah's career, as we have seen, was a checkered one. Under many kings idolatry and corruption grew among the people. Under others reforms were carried on and idolatry at least partially abolished. In this condition the worship of the true God struggled for its existence.

When Josiah ascended to the throne, about 639 B.C., the little kingdom was in a bad state. Zephaniah denounces the violence and fraud practiced by the ruling classes; the profanity and lawlessness of the priests; the pitiless

cruelty and corruption of the judges. * * * Jeremiah draws a picture equally dark. The sins of Jerusalem—the thefts, murders and adulteries, the injustice, perjury and extortion openly practiced in her midst—had made her ripe for judgment. “They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.”—(Jer. 2:15).

At this time the Book of the Law was accidentally discovered in the temple by the high priest, the reading of which deeply affected the king. He was much disturbed by the threats and warnings contained in its pages.

King Josiah set about to reform the kingdom and the significance of his work can scarcely be over-estimated. First his reforms were based upon a written code which did much toward the canonization of Scripture. Secondly, through the abolition of the local sanctuaries he elevated the dignity of the temple and the priests who ministered there thus localizing worship and elevating the priesthood. And finally by demolishing the idolatrous shrines he paved the way for a more spiritual worship.

Lesson Text: II Kings 23:1-25.

1. Causes the book to be read in solemn assembly—1,2.
2. Renewed the covenant with God—3.
3. Destroys idolatry—4-14.
4. Re-establishes the Passover—21-23.
5. Put away witches—24-25.

Aim: To show the influence upon a nation of a righteous ruler or leader.

Notes—It seems a pity that this great reformer should have made the mistake of going against a strong king of Egypt named Necho. At the battle of Megiddo he lost his life at the early age of 39 years, leaving his kingdom to his rash children who soon precipitated a crisis which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem, as will be told in next lesson.

Lesson 56. The Destruction of Jerusalem.

After Josiah's reign the decline of the kingdom of Judah was rapid. He was succeeded by his son Jehoahaz “who did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord.”—(II Kings 23:32). In his day the kingdom of Judah became tributary to the king of Egypt.

After Jehoahaz another son of Josiah, Jehoiakin, succeeded to the throne. He ruled eleven years from 610 to 599 B.C. “He did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord according to all that his fathers had done.”—(II Kings 23:37). “In his day Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, (See Map), came up and Jehoiakin became his servant three years.” That is, the kingdom of Judah was made tributary to Babylon. “Then he turned and rebelled against him. *And the Lord sent against him bands of the Chaldees, and bands of the Syrians. (See Rand-McNally Bible Class), and bands of Moabites, (See Atlas), and bands of the children of Ammon and sent them against Judah to destroy it according to the word of the Lord which He spoke by His servants the prophets.*”—(II Kings 24:1,2). “*Surely at the commandment of the Lord came this upon Judah to remove them out of His sight.*”—(vs. 3).

Lesson Text: II Kings 24:10-17.

1. The siege of Jerusalem—10, 11.
2. The wealth of the temple and of the king's house taken—13.
3. The leading Jews taken captive and carried to Babylon.
4. A new king established over the “poorest sort of the people.”—17.

Aim: To show that God “was wiping Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.”—(II Kings 21:13)—to prepare it for a worthier and more God-fearing people.

Note: The captives mentioned above were the leading Jews, the wealthy, the

craftsmen, etc. These the eastern kings thought would give trouble by rising in rebellion. The poorest sort, when all the rest were taken, could not well make war. Among these captives there were princely men such as Daniel who rose into eminence in the land of their captivity. They will be noticed in later lessons.

Lesson 57. The Destruction of Jeruaalem Continued.

Zedekiah was made king of the "poorest sort of the people" as we noticed in the last lesson. His reign lasted eleven years, from 599 to 588 B. C. His course was evil, as that of his fathers.

Jeremiah the prophet constantly preached the duty of submission. "In his eyes the Chaldean invasion was the divinely ordained chastisement of Judah's sin; the ruthless enemies of his country were only fulfilling Jehovah's righteous will." But the king of this remnant of poorest Jews paid no heed to the prophet. Though the eastern king had provided against uprisings by taking craftsmen, smiths, and all princes and promising Jews

into captivity, Zedekiah rebelled. This brought on the speedy and complete destruction of Jerusalem and the downfall of the little kingdom. "The vengeance of Nebuchadnezzar was swift and exemplary. With a powerful army he once more invaded Judah and besieged Jerusalem. After an eighteen months' siege, when the city was already hard pressed by famine, a break was made in the walls" and the city was entered by the enemy.

Lesson text: II Kings 25:1-26.

1. The city besieged—famine (1-4).
2. Zedekiah taken, his sons executed before his eyes, his eyes put out (4-7).
3. Jerusalem despoiled, the walls torn down, and the remnant of the people, save a few laborers, taken captive (8-12).
4. The remaining treasure taken (13-18).
5. The leaders slain (18-21).
6. The few remaining people fled to Egypt through fear.

Aim: To show that because of corruption God has "wiped Jerusalem as a dish" to prepare it for a better class of Jews later to be gathered out of captivity.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

July. Old Testament.

Lesson 19. Last Days of Moses.

Text: Numbers 20:1-13; Deut. 34.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

I. *No Water for the Congregation.*

1. People again murmur.
2. Moses strikes the rock with the rod and waters gush forth.
 - a. Commanded to gather the assembly before the rock.
 - b. Congregation and their beasts quench their thirst.

II. *Moses and Aaron Told They Shall*

Not Bring Congregation into the Promised Land.

1. Because they believed not the Lord to sanctify Him in eyes of children of Israel.
- III. *Moses Taken Into High Mountain and Shown Promised Land.*
 1. Land pointed out by the Lord.
 2. Moses told by the Lord to view the land, but forbidden to enter.
- IV. *Moses' Death.*
 1. Age at the time of death.
 2. Where buried.

- a. In a valley in land of Moab.
- b. No man knoweth his sepulchre.
3. Natural vigor preserved to the last.
 - a. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."
- V. *Joshua Blessed by Moses.*
 1. Result.
 - a. Filled with wisdom.
 - b. Children of Israel hearkened unto him.

Suggestive Aim: The Lord punishes disloyalty even in His most favored ones; but is quick to forgive and to bless those who return to His ways.

Lesson 20. The Story of Ruth.

Text: Book of Ruth.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

1. *Naomi and Her Two Sons.*
 1. Sons married Moabitish women.
 - a. Orpah.
 - b. Ruth.
 2. Sons die.
 3. Naomi and daughters-in-law start for the land of Judah.
 - a. Reason.
 4. Naomi entreats daughters-in-law to return to their own country and people.
 - a. Orpah obeys.
 - b. Ruth's beautiful answer.
- II. *Naomi and Ruth in Bethlchem.*
 1. The gleaner.
 - a. Gleans in field of Boaz.
 - b. Finds favor with Boaz.
 2. The Israelitish custom concerning marriage of widow to nearest kin of deceased husband.
 - a. Ruth's claim on Boaz.
 - b. The marriage.

Suggestive Aim: Whoever denies himself to bless another always receives the greater blessing.

Lesson 21. The Boyhood of Samuel.

Text: I Samuel 1, 2, 3.

July.

CHURCH HISTORY.

Texts:

Pearl of Great Price.

History of the Church.

One Hundred Years of Mormonism.

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History.

Life of Joseph Smith (Cannon).

History of the Prophet Joseph Smith (Lucy Smith).

A Brief History of the Church (E.

H. Anderson).

Lesson 19. The Apostasy.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

I. *Later Ministry of the Apostles.*

1. Among many peoples.
 - a. Preaching and testimony.
 - b. Healings and blessings.
 - c. To maintain church organizations.
2. Success.

II. *Wickedness Among the People.*

1. Disobedience to teachings of Christ.
 - a. Baptism.
 - (1) Change of mode.
 - (2) Infant baptism introduced.
 - b. Laying on of hands abolished.
 - c. Organization changed.
 - (1) Apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, etc., done away with.
2. Becomes worldly minded.
 - a. Strive for wealth and power.

III. *The Gospel Taken Away.*

1. Reason.
2. Effect upon the people.

Suggestive Aim: The light of the Gospel will not remain among the people when they disobey its teachings.

Illustration, application.

Lesson 20. The First Vision.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

I. *Joseph Smith's Early Life.*

1. His father's family.
2. His home life.
3. His traits and disposition.

11. *The Religious Revival.*

1. Religious conditions.
 - a. Of the country.
 - b. Of western New York.
2. Effect of the revival on Joseph.
 - a. His perplexity.
 - b. (Read James 1:5, 6) .

III. *The Vision.*

1. Joseph's prayer.
 - a. In the woods.
2. Joseph attacked by Satan.
3. The evil power broken.
4. The Father and Son appear.

a. The message.

5. Effect.

- a. Upon the Prophet.
- b. Upon the world.

Suggestive Aim: In answer to the prayer of faith, God revealed Himself to Joseph Smith.

Illustration, application.

Lesson 21. How We Got the Book of Mormon.

(The teacher to choose his own incidents).

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

July Lessons.**Lesson 19. Feeding the Five Thousand.**

Text: Matt. 14:13-21; John 6: 1-14; Mark 6:32-44; Luke 9:10-17.

Weed: Chapters XXXIV, XXXV.

I. The Multitude.

1. Jesus in a lonely place.
2. Multitude follow Him.
3. He heals the sick.
4. He teaches the people. (Mark 6:34).

II. The Miracle.

1. The Apostles' request.
2. Jesus' commands.
3. Feeding the multitude.

III. Divinity of Jesus.

1. Recognized by the multitude.
2. Desire to make Him king.

Aim: The Lord's care is shown in temporal things as well as in spiritual. Memorize: Matt. 14:16.

1. The Twelve Apostles had not always been with Jesus. He sent them out into other cities to preach to the people. When they returned from their missionary labors they "gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught." "And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place,

and rest awhile." So entering a ship they crossed the lake to the eastern shore.

On this shore of the lake was an uninhabited plain covered with grass and dotted with flowers. From the plain rose green hills and towering above these could be seen the snowy ridge of Mt. Hermon. To one of these grassy hills the Savior and His Apostles retired for peace and rest. So many people constantly came to them that "they had no leisure so much as to eat."

But they were not to remain long at rest, for below them on the plain a great crowd of people began to gather. Quietly as had been their departure from the other side, the people saw them, and they ran on foot around the lake. As they passed through other villages many more joined them until there was a mighty throng. They wandered about on the plain "as sheep not having a shepherd." And when Jesus, from the quiet peaceful hillside looked down upon them He "was moved with compassion toward them." He could not rest when the people needed Him. So He arose and went down the hillside to the plain, and "received them, and spake unto them of the Kingdom of God, and healed them that had need of healing."

"Hour after hour passed as the wearied but charmed throng listened to the voice of the Teacher and rejoiced in the works of the Healer."

II. "And when it was evening, His disciples came to Him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat."

"But Jesus said unto them. They need not depart; give ye them to eat." But although the Apostles had been with Jesus so long, had seen His power made manifest so often, they did not understand what He meant. And they asked, "Shall we go and buy bread and give them to eat?" But Jesus said unto them, "How many loaves have ye? go and see."

by hundreds. When all were seated in an orderly manner upon the green grass, Jesus "took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, He blessed, and brake; and gave the loaves to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And likewise of the fishes as much as they would."

As the disciples, obeying Jesus' command, passed the food to the multitude it failed not but increased until all that multitude, over five thousand people, had been fed, "and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full."

III. "Then those men, when they had seen the miracle that Jesus did, said, This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world."

"When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take Him



FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Andrew, one of the Apostles, said, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"

The fishes were small dried fish which were eaten with bread. The lad was probably a boy who attended Jesus and the Apostles, carrying their provisions for them and rendering other service.

Jesus commanded the Apostles to have the people sit down by fifties and

by force, to make Him a king, He departed again into a mountain Himself alone."

The desire of the people to make Him a king only saddened Him. The people believed in Him, but they did not understand Him when He said, "My kingdom is not of this world." His mission was something greater, nobler than to be an earthly king, but there were few whose hearts were open to receive Him.

Picture. Murillo: Feeding the Five Thousand.

Lesson 20. Walking on the Water.

Text: Matt. 14:22-33.

Weed: Chapter XXXVI.

I. Apostles on the Sea.

1. The storm.
2. Jesus goes to them.

II. Peter Walks on the Sea.

1. Peter's request.
2. His fear.
3. Jesus' reply.

III. The People Worship Him.

1. "Of a truth thou art the Son of God."

Aim: All things are possible to him that believeth.

Memorize: "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Picture. Flockhurst: Christ Walking on the Water.

I. After the people wished to make Jesus their king, He went into the mountain, where He spent the greater part of the night in prayer.

His disciples were in a ship on the sea. During the night a strong wind began to blow, the sea grew very rough, and the ship was tossed by the waves, and they became afraid. As the waves rolled, and the ship rocked from side to side they would wish for the Master's presence, but they did not know that He was watching over them alone on the land, "and He saw them toiling in rowing."

Some time between three and six o'clock in the morning, or "the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea."

11. Tell the story told in verses 26 to 31, using the Bible words in the direct quotations.

III. Verses 32 and 33.

Lesson 21. Stilling the Tempest.

Text: Matt. 8:23-27; Mark 4:35-41; Luke 8:22-26.

Weed: Chapter XXX.

I. The Sea of Galilee.

1. Calm.

- a. Beauties of the sea.
- b. People on the shore.
- c. Jesus teaches them from the ship.
- d. Ship launched.

2. Storm.

- a. Jesus asleep.
- b. Disciples fearful.

II. Jesus' Divinity manifest.

1. The miracle.
2. The worship.

Aim: Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

Memorize: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him!"

Picture. Dore: Christ Stilling the Tempest.

II. Wherever a strong contrast can be presented, the children get more vivid mind pictures. In this lesson the calm, beautiful sea, with only the quiet swish, swish of the waves on the shore, as Jesus sat in the ship and talked to the people on the land, is a strong contrast to the sea when the great tempest arose, and the waves beat into the ship. And again when the peace followed the storm.

Draw a vivid picture of the beauties of the sea with Jesus in the ship teaching them (Mark 4:1).

He talked to them for many hours, then when the crowd left He continued to teach His disciples. When evening came a great multitude gathered again, but Jesus said to His disciples, "Let us pass over to the other side." Perhaps the people had heard all that it was well for them to hear for that day, and besides Jesus was very tired and needed rest (Mark 4:36).

Picture Jesus' peaceful sleep "on a pillow" the sudden breaking of the storm, the excitement, confusion, and fear of the others in the ship, as He slept quietly on, taking a well-earned rest.

"And His disciples came to Him, and awoke Him, saying, "Master, earnest thou not that we perish?"

We can think of Him, as He opened

His eyes and looked up to them, as still, calm and peaceful, not disturbed by the commotion around Him, He gently rebuked them as He lay looking up at them. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

Picture Jesus as "He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still." Then again draw the contrasted picture of the change that took place.

"But the men marveled, saying What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him!"

Their eyes were opened, and they understood that Jesus was greater than any prophet that had lived, that He was indeed the Son of God, and had power like unto God. "Even the winds and the sea obeyed Him."

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, chairman; assisted by Sister Beulah Woolley.

LESSONS FOR JULY.

Aim: Courage to do right wins the favor of God and man.

1. Independence Day (U. S. History) for June 30th.
2. The Three Hebrews (Daniel 3rd chapter).
3. Daniel in the Den of Lions (Daniel 6th chapter).
4. The Pioneers (Church History).
5. The First Sabbath in Utah (Church History).

LESSONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Children's Day.
2. Joseph Smith's First Vision.

Aim: Earnest effort to prepare one's self for the work of the Lord is rewarded.

3. The Book of Mormon Revealed.

Aim: The same.

4. The Delivery of the Plates.

Aim: The same.

Suggestive Songs:

Hurrah for the Flag (JUVENILE, June, 1910).

Stand for the Right (JUVENILE, July, 1910).

Jesus Once was a Little Child (JUVENILE, January, 1910).

Memory Gems:

"I love that flag; I love my country, too."

[The material for July has been prepared by Sister Eva Hetzler, supervisor of Weber Stake. For it we are grateful, and we hope that from it the teachers will take many suggestions—they are given directly and indirectly.]

how the mountains, streams and rivers, and the sun, trees and flowers do so bravely the work which God intended they should do.

Nature Work.

In two or three minutes the thought of Courage can be brought out beautifully in the nature work by showing

Mountains.

(Where the mountains cannot be seen plainly, use a picture. There is a good one in the *Young Woman's Journal*, September, 1905.)

If the mountains can be seen from your class-room the children might look at them during the time for nature work. Otherwise have the children notice the mountains during the week.

What color are the mountains? What are they made of? Well, who made the mountains? Yes, God made them, and see how high and strong and large they are. Do they ever move from where they stand? No, they stand perfectly quiet and watch over us down in the valley. Do you think they ever get afraid when the wind blows and the thunder and lightning come? Why, they are not afraid of anything in the world, and they stand up strong and firm, keeping the little streams cool and keeping the hottest sun from the valley where the grains and fruits grow. What do the mountains keep in their big hollows for us to use in the summer? I am sure we all love the big gray mountains.

Streams and Rivers.

High up in the mountains there are tiny streams of water running down the mountain side into the valley below. These tiny streams have so much to do and such a long way to travel, and sometimes there are large rocks that get in the way, but the little stream works harder, goes around the rock and sings and laughs, for it knows some day it will reach the great river, away down in the valley. Did you ever know a stream that was sad or afraid? Oh, no; it will go past anything, even if we put a lot of dirt in its way, it will work and work until it gets through. And, do you know, the stream is always merry, and have you ever listened to a stream laugh and play? Sometimes the sun gets very hot and tries to dry the little stream up, but it works so hard, for it knows that the little flowers that grow along the side of the stream will die if it goes away. And what else grows by the side of the stream? And what

lives in the stream and river? Oh, yes, the stream has so much to take care of that it never goes to sleep, but works day and night, and isn't at all afraid of the dark.

And the beautiful river: what does it do? Yes, it waters all the land and crops, and brings fish for us to eat. Did you ever see anything stop the river? That would be so strange, for the river goes on and on, never stopping, for it knows there are so many who would die should it stand still.

The Sun.

What is the large, round, red ball that comes up over the mountain every morning? What does the sun do all day? Makes the world light, causes the trees, grasses and flowers to grow, also makes the fruits and grains ripen so that we may have plenty to eat. Who was it told the sun to shine every morning? Is the sun ever afraid to come up over the high mountain? No, it never fails, but sometimes the clouds all get together and cover up the sun so that we cannot see it, but it is there, just the same, and after it tries a long time, the cloud goes away, and then we can see the bright sun-beams again. We couldn't stop the sun, could we? The Heavenly Father has told the sun to shine and it will do just as He has said, no matter what comes. This is what the sun says to the children:

I never go to sleep, dear child,
I'm shining all the night.
But as your world goes turning round
It takes you from my light.
And when it brings you back again,
You find me waiting here,
To shine a bright Good-morning down
On all the children dear.

The Trees.

In the summer, when the sun is so hot, and we are tired, there is a shady place in the garden where we can play and rest. What makes it shady there? The dear old trees. And what is it that grows on the trees that make the

shade—just the branches wouldn't make a bit of shade? Do you think the trees had to work hard to make the leaves come out? Why, they had to drink all the water they could and take in lots of sunshine, so that the tiny leaves would be strong enough to push right out. One day some one came along and broke a branch off the poor old tree, and it felt so sad for a moment and then said, "Oh, I want to cry, but I'll just grow another branch." And it did. And sometimes our trees get so thirsty, but they hold their heads up high and try to keep alive until some little boy or girl brings them a drink of water. How do we water the trees?

What lives in the branches of the trees? The little nest is held tight between the branches, and the little leaves spread out to cover the nest and keep the tiny birds from harm. The old tree never gets tired, and lets its branches fall down, for if it did the little birds would fall out on the hard ground and die. So the kind trees stand straight and firm day after day, and the Heavenly Father is very much pleased with them.

The Flowers.

Name some of the flowers that grow in the garden. Why do we love them so much? Who do they live for and bloom for? Which one do you like best?

I will tell you a story of the one I love best.

THE WHITE ROSE AND THE RED ROSE.

The sun shone brightly on all the world, and especially upon the sweet old garden where bloomed so many roses that rare June day. The air was laden with their fragrance, and the birds and the bees and the butterflies came there to revel in the sweetness.

Side by side grew two roses; one a gorgeous red, the other a delicate, pinkish white. Both roses nodded in the sunshine and were very happy.

By and by, a bold bumble-bee came up to the red rose, and asked her, in his blundering way, for a sip of the honey she had in her heart.

"Go away," she said, haughtily. "I want all my sweetness for myself. Go away, I tell you."

Then the bumble-bee flew clumsily to White Rose, and asked again for a sip of honey, for he was very tired and warm.

"Yes, indeed," she replied gently, "take all you wish. My sweetness is for everybody, else it would no longer be sweet."

So the bee drank some of the honey in White Rose's heart, then flew happily away.

Soon a gay humming-bird came with his long bill, and demanded a sip of honey from proud Red Rose. She refused him with so much ungraciousness that the little fellow was about to fly away in shame, when White Rose called softly to him, "Come here, Humming-bird, I have some honey to spare." And she opened wide her golden heart, giving freely of the sweetness God had placed there.

After this, a great yellow and black butterfly sailed over the vine-covered wall from the orchard behind, and floated down upon the Red Rose. But he didn't remain long, for she angrily ordered him away, before he could ask for a drink of her honey-dew. Once more White Rose fed a hungry little wanderer, and when he was through, all the honey-dew in her heart was quite gone. Then the selfish Red Rose laughed at her kinder sister, and boasted aloud of her own full store.

At last the cool night fell over the old garden, and all the flowers went to sleep. Only the great white moths that fly by night were left awake. And in the night, behold a wonder!

For when the sun rose again, the heart of White Rose was filled with sweet, fresh honey, as plentiful as before, and of a richer quality. But alas, for the proud Red Rose. Her

boasted store has become a sticky mass, fast turning brown; its daintiness all gone.

A few hours in the sunshine, and Red Rose began to wither and fade, while White Rose, with her sweetness freshly supplied each morning, bloomed a long time in the quiet old garden.—*Minnie Moore Brown.*

Suggestive Sacrament Thought:

(A very interesting little talk could be given this month on Courage, in connection with the partaking of the Sacrament. The following is suggestive).

How often we look at our hands, and if they are dirty we wash them until they are white, and then we say they are clean. But are they clean? Some times our little hands almost get away from us and try to strike a friend and playmate, and sometimes we want to take something that doesn't belong to us, but if we are strong and hold our hands close to us and do not let them harm any one, or take any thing that isn't ours, then our hands are clean.

Sometimes we are angry in our hearts; we do not love any one and want to be cross and unkind. We wonder what is the matter and all the time it is our hearts that are not clean and pure. So we try so hard and we say so many kind and gentle words, that our hearts are again clean.

Then the Sabbath day comes, and we go into the Church where there is sweet music. We listen, and after a while some one blesses the bread and water, and the Holy Spirit whispers to us, and our pure, clean hearts listen and we remember Jesus. Then we quietly look at our hands. Yes, they are clean. And think of our hearts. Yes, they are clean, and something says:

"Let us remember and be sure,
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure."

When we have partaken of the bread and water, Jesus sends His

Holy Spirit to us, and it is much easier to keep our hands from hurting others and our hearts from being angry.

FIRST SUNDAY (JUNE 30)—INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Decorations.

Flags of any size would be very good, also pictures of Washington or any of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence. Pictures of soldiers.

A picture of the Mayflower would be good.

Subject: Independence Day.

Text: United States History.

King James I, the king of England, believed that a king can do no wrong, and he insisted that every one belong to the same church. In many of the towns there were men and women who disapproved of parts of the service and of many of the ceremonies. They wished to worship God the way they believed was right, but King James said they must belong to his church and if they did not, he would punish them. He treated the people so badly and was so mean to them that they decided to leave England and go to Holland. The king was determined to make the people belong to the same church as he did, and punished severely those who did not. Some were even put in prison, and the officers were told to seize all who attempted to go. Some of these people hired a ship for themselves and made agreement with the captain to be ready at a certain day and take them and their goods in. After he had taken them in, he betrayed them. The officers took everything they had, books, shoes, money and even imprisoned some. On becoming free again they found a Dutch captain, who promised to take them to Holland on his vessel.

For the next eleven or twelve years the pilgrims tried to make an English

home in Holland for their children and their church. But they could not keep to English customs in a foreign land; their children were not learning the English ways, so they decided to make still another change and to begin in America. The younger and stronger members then made ready for the journey. They were to go first. Two vessels had been engaged to take them across the ocean. One was the *Speedwell*, the other the *Mayflower*. They bade their friends farewell and started for their new home. On the way over the *Speedwell* sprung a leak and the captain said they would have to get another vessel, but some were so anxious to get to America that they could not wait for another vessel, so they crowded into the *Mayflower* and pushed on. There was now about one hundred and two passengers. A little baby was born during this trip across the ocean, and was named *Oceanus Hopkins* because it was born on the ocean. Soon good reports of "corn fields and little running brooks" reached the weary passengers of the *Mayflower* and the ship came to anchor on the new found shore.

A site for their town was chosen, and on Christmas day the first house was begun. They cut down trees, endured pain and hunger as though each homely act were but another form of praise. By all working together their first hut was quickly made, a storehouse for their goods. Then every man built him a small cabin of rough logs, with a filling of mud mortar, windows of oiled paper, and a thatched roof.

But still these people were ruled by the King of England, and they had to do just as he said. He gave them so many hard things to do and made them pay so many unjust taxes, that some of the good and wise men met together and said, "We will free ourselves from the King, and we will make our own laws and rule our own country." So on the 4th of July, 1776,

the "Declaration of Independence" which said that the people would be free and would obey the King of England no longer, was signed and adopted.

Up in the top of the old State House was a large bell called the "Liberty Bell," (JUVENILE, 1911, July), and as soon as this paper setting the people free was signed, an old man was to ring the bell to let everyone know. When the bell rang, the people caught up the sound and cheered. Guns were fired, bells rung and lights were burned all night, declaring the people's joy. The people fought long and hard, but they were rewarded with their liberty.

Illustration: Dan's Fourth of July (JUVENILE, July, 1910).

SECOND SUNDAY (JULY 7)—THE THREE HEBREWS.

Text: Daniel 3.

Helps on this lesson can be found in a Bible Dictionary or any book on Bible stories for children. The lesson to be prepared and made simple by the teachers.

Illustration: Peter at the Dike; Little Hero of Haarlem (In the *Child's World*, by Poulsson, p. 232).

THIRD SUNDAY (JULY 14)—DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Text: Daniel 6.

This lesson, as the one preceding, is to be prepared by the teachers.

Illustration: The Burdock (JUVENILE, August, 1910).

Picture: (See frontispiece).

FOURTH SUNDAY (JULY 21)—THE PIONEERS.

Text: Whitney's History of Utah, Bancroft's History of Utah, Lives of any of the Pioneers, and any good magazine that gives material on the subject.

Time: About 1840 to 1850.

Place: Missouri to Utah.

Suggestive Decorations:

The wagons as shown in the JUVENILE, 1910. Sage-brush placed around the room and dolls dressed in pioneer clothes would be very appropriate. Have a man, a woman and a child. You may get suggestions for the clothes from a Pioneer or some one whose parents were pioneers; also from pictures. It would be a very good idea to find a keep-sake belonging to a Pioneer, something they brought with them over the plains, to take it to Sunday School—the children will never forget it.

The best way to prepare these lessons on the Pioneers, is to study the text, talk with a Pioneer, if possible, then think it over and over in your own mind until you truly feel the courage the Pioneers possessed, and the conditions under which they lived. Then go to your class and give to the children that courage and strength.

Many years ago, when your grandmothers and grandfathers were young there were no people living here where we live now, for most of the people lived many miles from here, near a large river. Right near this river was the city of Nauvoo, where a little band of people lived all by themselves. This was a beautiful city and all the people had a home, a garden and were very happy. They had a temple and churches and even the little children went to church to tell the Lord that they were glad and thankful.

And there was one man they loved the most of all, for he was their leader. The Lord loved this man also and talked to him, telling him just what these people should do. His name was Joseph Smith.

One day something terrible happened. Some bad men came, took the dear leader away, and he died. Every one, even the little children, cried, for

he was so good and kind and they loved him so. He was put in a nice white box, placed in the ground to sleep until Jesus should some day call him.

But that wasn't all these bad men did. They burned some of the homes and churches and told the people they could not pray to God as they had done, and that they had to go away from their beautiful city. The people felt so sad, and some of the mothers and children cried and were a little afraid. But one man, Brigham Young, who was not afraid, said, "We will go where we can pray to God, for I know He will show us the way to a new home." He also said no one should cry or be afraid, for God would help them, and they were to get ready to go right away.

There were no trains then for them to travel on, so they used large wagons, like the farmers have, and put a cover over the top. Then put seeds, plows, flour and some bed clothes in these wagons, and they were ready to start. Just think, they had to leave their homes and their beautiful city, never to come back again.

And these people didn't use horses to pull the wagons, as we do. They used oxen. Do you know what an ox looks like? It is very much like a cow, but larger and stronger. That is the reason these people used them. (Show a picture.)

Most of the mothers and children rode in the wagons, but the fathers and boys walked. It was a long, long way to travel, and people who travel a long way to a new country where no one has ever lived before, are called Pioneers, so these people were called Pioneers. There were some young boys in the company and they drove the cows and horses and were very careful not to lose one. The days were very long and hot, and do you know I think those boys were the strongest and bravest boys I know, to walk so far and work so hard and never complain at all.

They had a leader, too. I know you remember his name was Brigham Young, and every one, even the boys and girls, did just what he said to do.

The little girls had work to do also, for the company stopped one day a week, to wash and make themselves clean. The little girls carried the brush for the big fire, hung the clothes out on the bushes, and some watched the baby while mother worked. On this day every one was busy. The shoemaker mended the shoes, others mended the wagons, the mothers made bread, and the next morning they would be ready to start out bright and early.

There were no roads to follow, just sage-brush and hot sand, and as they traveled along they came to large streams of water or rivers. Near these streams there was some one living. They had red skins, straight black hair and wore bright-colored blankets. I wonder who they were? Yes, they were Indians. And one day these people met a great number of Indians, and after talking to them a little while, the Indian chief wanted to buy a dear little baby that one of the mothers held in her arms. The mother was frightened, for the Indian chief was going to take the baby, but one of the men in their company gave the chief some seeds and flour, and then hurried away. But the Pioneers were very kind to the Indians, and never did harm them.

One day as they traveled along in the hot sun, they saw a great cloud of dust miles and miles ahead of them, and not having seen anything like it before, they wondered what it was. They watched and watched, and very soon they could see small black things moving toward them. They stopped their oxen and waited. As the objects came nearer, they heard a loud noise, like thunder, and in a few minutes a large herd of buffalo went galloping by. I am quite sure you don't know just what a buffalo looks like, so I will show you a picture of one.

(Show picture. JUVENILE, 1911, October).

After these people had traveled all day long, they were very tired, so when the sun went down, they would find a place near some water and there they would sleep and rest. Then the children gathered brush for the big camp fire, and after the evening meal, every one sat around the camp fire and sang songs. About nine o'clock when everything was still and quiet, every one knelt down and prayed, thanking the heavenly Father for His kind care over them.

They traveled many, many days, and one day, as they were climbing over a high mountain to get into the valley below, Brother Young, their leader, looked out over the land, had the oxen stopped, and he said, "Right down there in the valley is where God wishes us to make our new home." They drove down the mountain side, into the valley and that was to be their home. It wasn't a pretty place, there was not a tree, not a blade of grass, and all they could see was sage-brush, sand and mountains.

Oh, don't you think your heart would feel sad if you had to go to such a place? But these people didn't feel sad, for the Lord was very pleased with them, for they had worked hard to do just what the Lord wanted them to do, so His Holy Spirit whispered to them and told them if they would still work hard and be brave, some day they would have homes, trees would grow and their land would be like a garden of roses. Then they were happier and commenced to make ditches to water the land. They planted corn and potatoes, and some of the men and boys climbed the high mountains and cut down trees to make log-houses.

Every one helped, and soon the trees were growing, the gardens were fresh and green, and all who heard of the Pioneers said how brave and strong they were.

And the Lord made their land beau-



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN UTAH.

tiful, and still it is the most beautiful land there is. Do you know where that land is? Why, it is our own dear land, *Utah*, right here where we live, and the brave Pioneers were our grandfathers and grandmothers.

Illustration: The Doll that was Left Behind (JUVENILE, February, 1911).

FIFTH SUNDAY (JULY 28)—THE FIRST SABBATH IN UTAH.

The following are quotations taken from Whitney's and Bancroft's Histories of Utah, and are for the teacher only. A story suitable to the child may be woven around the facts given.

Whitney: "The day following was the Sabbath. The grateful Pioneers did not forget it. Assembling at 10 a. m. in the circle of their encampment, they paid their devotions to the Most High. George A. Smith was the first speaker, and he was followed by Elders Heber C. Kimball and Ezra T. Benson. All expressed themselves as satisfied with the country, with their present situation and future

prospects. Apostle Kimball drew attention to the fact that not one human life had been lost during their journey from the Missouri and that they had been favored by Divine Providence in various ways. In the afternoon the Sacrament was administered, after which the assembly was addressed by Wilford Woodruff, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards, Lorenzo D. Young and John Pack. Others making a few remarks, but the sermon of the day was delivered by Apostle Orson Pratt, who took for his text Isaiah 52:7-8.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith upon Zion, Thy God reigneth.

"Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together they shall sing, for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Zion."

President Young being ill, spoke from his chair to the assembly. He said the brethren must not work on the Sabbath day, must not fish or hunt,

and if any one broke these laws, they should go elsewhere and live.

Bancroft: "President Young said, 'You must keep the commandments of God,' he said, 'or shall not dwell with us, and no man shall buy or sell land, but all shall have what they can cultivate free and no man shall possess that which is not his own.'"

Illustration: The Promise that was Kept (JUVENILE, August, 1910).

Suggestive application for the month:

How can I have courage? Bring up incidents under the following heads:

First Sunday—Courage to share with others.

Second Sunday—Courage when little trials come.

Third Sunday—Courage to keep the Word of Wisdom.

Fourth Sunday—Courage to speak the truth.

Fifth Sunday—Courage to keep the Sabbath holy.

The Grateful Crane.

Once a poor Crane was caught in a net, and could not get out. She fluttered and flapped her wings, but it was of no use, she was held fast.

"Oh!" she cried, "what will become of me if I cannot break this net? The hunter will come and kill me, or else I shall die of hunger, and if I die who will care for my poor little young ones in the nest? They must perish also if I do not come back to feed them."

Now Trusty (the same Trusty who saved the baby's life) was in the next field and heard the poor Crane's cries. He jumped over the fence, and seizing the net in his teeth quickly tore it in pieces. "There!" he said. "Now, fly back to your young ones, ma'am, and good luck to you all!"

The Crane thanked him a thousand times. "I wish all dogs were like you!" she said. "And I wish I could do something to help you, as you have helped me."

"Who knows?" said Trusty. "Some day I may need help in my turn, and then you may remember me. My old mother used to say to me:

"To do a kind deed wherever we can
Is good for bird and beast and man."

Then Trusty went back to mind his

master's sheep, and Mrs. Crane flew to her nest and fed and tended her crane babies.

Some time after this she was flying homeward and stopped at a clear pool to drink. As she did so she heard a sad, moaning sound, and looking about whom should she see but good Trusty, lying on the ground, almost at the point of death. She flew to him. "Oh, my good, kind friend," she cried, "what has happened to you?"

"A bone has stuck in my throat," said the Dog, "and I am choking to death."

"Now, thank heaven for my long bill!" said Mrs. Crane. "Open your mouth, good friend, and let me see what I can do."

Trusty opened his mouth wide; the Crane darted in her long, slender bill, and with a few good tugs loosened the bone and finally got it out.

"Oh! you kind, friendly bird!" cried the Dog, as he sprang to his feet and capered joyfully about. "How shall I ever reward you for saving my life?"

"Did you not save mine first?" said Mrs. Crane. "Shake paws and claws, friend Trusty! I have only learned your mother's lesson, which you taught me, that

"To do a kind deed wherever we can
Is good for bird and beast and man."

The Utah Trout.

By *Claude T. Barnes.*

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

"Give me mine angle; we'll to the river
there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hooks
shall pierce
Their slimy jaws."

—Shakespeare:
Antony and Cleopatra.

Close your desks, boys, gather your tackle, rods and boots, and come with me to the canyon, where the snow lingers low against the sweet-smelling pines, where oak trees are intermingled with creek willows, and where the water ousel dips his head at our favorite pool. The purl of the clear mountain stream, as it dashes, eddies and swirls, is to our ears the soft poem of the fair naiads singing to Oberon, their king; and even the Belted Kingfisher preening himself on yonder mossy rock assures us that many a fish has been taken from the mirrored surface beside him. String out, do not waste the precious moments, for at last, after all these months, we may again cast the fly for the gainest fighter of them all, the cut-throat trout.

Midst environs so delightful and fascinating we should become staid scientists indeed, if we were to examine each trout that we take—determine whether its spots are rounded or vertically oblong, its vomer and palatines large or small, its gillrakes short or long and its maxillary curved or straight. In fact, if a big fellow is on the hook, we care little for his scientific designation, as his ancestors fought well before they were Latinized! For the benefit of the minority, however, I give precise data below,*

*In the waters of Western America there are over a score of trout varieties, all of the genus *Salmo*, but divided ten-

though all should know that the Utah trout, which is found in all suitable streams and lakes of the old Lake Bonneville basin, and especially in the Bear, Provo, Jordan and Sevier rivers, is distinguished by its profuse, fine spots anteriorly as well as posteriorly. Specimens from eight to twelve pounds are not uncommon.

Angling is undoubtedly an art, and, moreover, one which cannot be taught by books; practice alone can result in perfection. How my heart has grieved when, time after time, I have followed or preceded (it mattered little whether I was "fore" or "aft"), some experi-

tatively into three series, namely, the "cut throats," the "rainbows" and the "steelheads." Fishermen who depend on the waters of the intermountain region will be interested probably in only the following species:

Cut-throat Trout (*Salmo clarkii*)—Coast region and Snake River as far as Shoshone Falls.

Yellowstone Trout (*Salmo lewisi*)—Snake River basin above Shoshone Falls.

Silver Trout—(*Salmo gibbsii*) between Shoshone Falls and the Cascades.

Truckee Trout (*Salmo henshawi*)—East slope of Sierra Nevada mountains.

Utah Trout (*Salmo virginolis*)—All suitable streams of old Lake Bonneville basin, especially Utah rivers.

Rio Grande Trout (*Salmo spilurus*)—Rio Grande basin.

Green-back Trout (*Salmo stomias*)—Twin Lakes, Colo., and streams about Leadville.

Yellow-fin Trout (*Salmo macdonaldi*)—Twin Lakes, Colo.

Rainbow Trout (*Salmo shasta*)—The "rainbow" trout of fish culturists; but indigenous to Sierra Nevada mountains from Mt. Shasta southward.

Brook Trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*)—Introduced in the West from the East, where it is common.

Dolly Varden Trout (*Salvelinus parkei*)—The "bull" trout of Western Idaho and the "charr" of Oregon.

German Brown Trout—Introduced into the West.

enced fisherman and had at the end of the journey but one shameless little trout to place beside his full creel! I have found since, however, that some phases of the art can be mastered if the proper suggestion be followed; otherwise, one may be disappointed year after year.

In cold weather, trout feed rather late; but in mid-summer one cannot leave camp too early. Always when snow-water is running into the stream, one might as well stay home as far as fly fishing prospects are concerned. All trout lie with their heads up stream, the little fellows on the riffles and the big fish, except at night, in the eddies and the pools.

"Imitate the flies on the water"—very good; but how? To do so is to put the finesse on fishing, and yet the swish of the line where the fly should flutter frightens your trout away. An excellent rule to remember is as follows: In making your cast raise the tip of the rod a little just before the flies strike the water. This will check the lines and cause the flies to settle first.

Never work your flies against the current; but let them follow it naturally. Keep out of sight if you can; and, if the day is clear, always face the sun. Do not overcast; but fish the water close to you first. If you get a strike, do not give your rod a swift yank up in the air; a simple turn of your wrist will actually do just as well, and the flies be scarcely lifted from the water. If you can see the fish, turn your wrist the moment he starts for the fly, for so rapidly does he dart that he may beat you even then. If you wait for him to hook himself he will promptly spit the strange fly out for your consideration.

Eagerness often spoils the real fascination in trout fishing—the "playing" of the fish. If you try to toss a big fellow over the willows he will usually get away with both leader and flies; work down stream with him to a pool

or backwater, keeping a taut line and an up-pull all you can. Always net him from behind. If you get a "rise" from a big one and miss him, wait a few minutes before casting again; if your hook has pricked him, change flies if you want that particular fish.

It is useless to fish a quiet pool in the bright sunlight, unless a breeze is ruffling the surface. Learn to cast with both your right arm and the left, and by keeping your elbow close to your side, make the rod do most of the work. If your flies snag do not jerk or use force but pull gently and slowly and, if you do not become impatient, you will usually win.

If you prefer the German brown trout, which has been introduced here, always fish up stream and try every bit of white water.

Your leaders should be as long as you can afford. The best ones, you can tie yourself from a shank of Spanish gut, stained, if necessary, by soaking them over night in a solution of strong tea, coffee or green baize boiled in water placed in an earthen jar. If you like to use bait, you will find the best ones to be bright earth worms, white grubs, creepers, grasshoppers, crickets, moths, butterflies, spiders, leeches, blow-flies and minnows. Worms should be kept a few days in moss to make them scour. The "mully chub" minnows may be found under stones in shallow water; keep them damp and they are as good dead or alive. Leeches can be found on water cress and other aquatic plants; they will keep indefinitely in black mud.

Do not string or thread the earthworm; loop it by passing the hook through twice and stick the point in near the head. Hook moths, grasshoppers and flies once through the body; but fasten minnows by passing the point of the hook through the mouth and so on through the body and out by the tail. If the minnow is curved on the hook, it will spin in the water; a swivel should be used.

If the water is riley the fish will be found feeding all over the stream but usually in the eddies close to the shore. If the water is clear you may have to crawl to approach a favored spot.

If you would be strictly in style this season, you should be a dry-fly fisherman. The method originated recently in England where the brown trout (*Salmo fario*) had become too sophisticated for the ordinary fly, as it was cast on the clear waters of the Test and the Itchen. Flies were imitated with microscopic exactness and made to float with the utmost fidelity. Unfortunately for us, the English tiers have thus far imitated only English insects; so we must content ourselves with the ones that have been found effective here; namely, "March brown," "Wickman's fancy," "olive dun," "hare's ear," "silver sedge" and "blue upright." Being designed to float, they are all tied with upright wings almost at right angles to the body; and even the hackles stand out stiffly. sometimes even cork or quill is used on the body of the fly. They are all made small—sizes 10 to 16—to

lessen the hook weight.

If properly cast, the little fly will float down towards you "cocked and dry" with such perfect simulation that you may fear you have lost your fly and are watching a real insect! Only one fly is used, and, preferably, a tapered line. An English soft enamel line will do as a makeshift. Fish up stream always; use the horizontal cast where possible; and let the fly float naturally. Between times, make several false casts back and forth in the air to dry the fly; and every five or ten minutes dip the fly into the little phial of "nature" or paraffine oil which you have buttoned on your coat for the purpose. In fact, wherever the trout stream is low and clear, the sun bright and the holes glassy and slow, try the floating fly. You may catch fish that otherwise are too smart for you.

Finally, in the words of Izaak Walton, "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"

The Boy's Sling.

A great hulking boy, with nothing to do,
Was trying his sling with a hard stone
or two,
And thought it good sport to shoot
down and kill
Our sweet, feathered songsters upon the
green hill.

A dear little bluebird, perched up in a
tree,
Was singing the song of the happy and
free,
With his pretty mate by him, how happy
were they,
In God's blessed sunshine, that beautiful
day!

In the midst of his song came a stone
from the hand
Of that cowardly boy, skulking there on
the sand;

And the bird's note of joy broke in a
faint cry,
As he fell on the roadside to struggle
and die.

A bright life thus ended and laid out of
sight!
A helper destroyed, who well earned his
right
To his share of sunshine and his place
in life,
His pride in his nestlings and dear little
wife!

His song has been hushed, but woe to
the heart
So cruel and mean as to act such a part!
Oh! never, dear children, thus sully your
hand
By killing for sport the sweet birds of
our land.

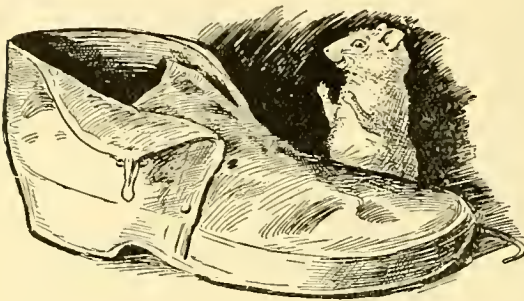
—H. E. Delemare in Young Folk's Catholic Weekly.

CHILDREN'S SECTION

Cutey Wee.

(A Tale of a Little Mouse.)

The closet under the stairs at the end of the hall was dark and dusty.



"JUST THE PLACE FOR CUTEY WEE!"

It was never used except to store things not in use—or if the children played Indian, when it served as tepee for the squaws.

If mother wanted to find anything in the closet, she had to swing the door far back, and even then it was not very light, so it is no wonder that, in a shadowy corner, long after winter things were put away till another season, one little warm red-lined overshoe lay unseen and forgotten.

In front of this overshoe a little gray mouse stood one day in delighted surprise. I am sure she stood up on her hind feet and clapped her front ones, and said, "If this isn't just the place for Cutey Wee!"

Now, Cutey Wee was a very much petted and spoiled little mouse baby. They had lived in the cellar, but the nest was destroyed and only little Cutey Wee had been rescued. And now, if Mrs. Mouse wasn't thinking about her, Mr. Mouse was, and they

would go from roof to cellar if Cutey Wee gave her tiniest squeak.

So Mr. Mouse was brought to the closet to look at the little red-lined over-shoe, and of course he agreed with Mrs. Mouse, and so the family moved, which means only that Cutey Wee was brought to the closet and dropped into the overshoe.

Because of the elegance of this new apartment, Mrs. Mouse began to put on airs. She was not afraid of anybody, and she was interested in everything. I saw her stand on her hind feet in front of book after book on the lowest book-shelf, looking up at them, and I suppose she was thinking of Cutey Wee's going to school.

But the doll-house attracted her most. She studied over the little chairs and swinging cradles, and I wonder why she did not think of moving in there, for everything was just the right size.

But before a little wardrobe she stood fascinated, and when she left the playhouse she held by her teeth a little white dress, only two inches long, with blue bows on the shoulders.



"Look!" she ON THE BOOK SHELF.

cried to Mr. Mouse when she got home. "This is for Cutey Wee!"

Do you suppose Cutey Wee put it on, bows and all, and sat there in the little overshoe? Well, even if she didn't, Mrs. Mouse knew it was what the *dolls* had, and nothing was too good for Cutey Wee.

Nor was that all. Whether Cutey Wee squeaked, "Mamma, I must have a hat!" I do not know, but Mrs. Mouse brought her hats, and caps, and coats, and more dresses, all from the doll-house.

So Cutey Wee sat in the midst of her finery, more of a spoiled little mouse than ever. Yet Mrs. Mouse looked at her little daughter anxiously.

"I'm afraid Cutey Wee is lonely," she thought. And as she searched the pantry for crumbs, she kept wondering what she could do.

That night she went back to the playhouse, went up to a little chair where a wee dolly sat, and, catching her dress in her mouth, carried her down the side of the playhouse, away across the floor, to the dusty closet corner where Cutey Wee sat alone in the little overshoe, and put her down beside her!

Did ever a Mrs. Mouse do such a thing before? Did ever a spoiled mouse baby have such a gift brought her? Or did ever a little doll have such an adventure?



AND SITTING BY HER WAS CUTEY WEE.

Do you think I made this all up! No, indeed! I was a little, little girl then, and the doll-house was mine. And I missed the little dresses, and I missed the little doll, and no one could understand the strange way in which



"LOOK! THIS IS FOR CUTEY WEE!"

they had disappeared. Then one day the little red-lined overshoe was found in the closet, and mother showed it to me!

I saw them there myself, all the little clothes I had lost, and the little doll Arabella—and sitting by her was Cutey Wee!—*Laura Mackay.*

Johnny Holley's Lesson.

By W. A. Morton.

It was Wednesday afternoon. The hands of the clock in the little school-house at T— pointed to the hour of three, and the boys and girls were preparing to quit school for the day. As they were marching out of the building, Archie Russell called to several of his schoolmates, "Remember this is Religion Class day, and the teachers have promised to take us to see old Sister Jacobsen."

"Why are you going to see that old woman?" asked Johnny Holley.

"Because of the lesson taught us in our memory gem by our Religion Class teachers last week," said Mary Martin, a little girl of eight years."

Johnny Holley was a pretty good

boy, but he did not belong to the Church. He did not know what was done in the Religion Classes, so he asked, "What's a memory gem?"

"Let us recite for him the one we learned last week," said Archie Russell. A dozen voices started at once, "Pure religion and undefiled, is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction."

"Well," said the Holley boy, "I don't understand all of that, but it sounds pretty good."

Just then Sisters Taylor and Miller, the two Religion Class instructors of the ward, came up and shook hands with each boy and girl, including, of course, Johnny Holley. "As we told you last week," said Sister Taylor, "we will hold our Religion Class this afternoon at the home of dear, old Sister Jacobsen; so, if you will please form in line, we will march over."

Johnny Holley turned to go away, but Archie Russell stopped him. "Come on with us, Johnny," said Archie. "We'll not be more than half an hour. You'll like it; I'm sure you will."

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Johnny Holley turned and went with the boys and girls to the home of old Sister Jacobsen. The home of the dear, old lady consisted of three small rooms and a kitchen. It was almost hid from view by the tall trees which surrounded it. It was a neat little place, for Grandma Jacobson was a good housekeeper. She had a place for everything, and kept everything in its place. But I must tell you that she was helped by her granddaughter, Lucy Wright, who called to see her almost every day, and often slept with her at night.

You should have seen the look of surprise which came into old Sister Jacobson's face when the two Religion Class teachers, followed by thirteen boys and girls, entered her home. "Grandma," said Sister Taylor, "we have come to show you the work these

boys and girls are doing in the Religion Classes."

"Well," said the dear old lady, as the tears glistened in her eyes, "I am sure I am glad to see you. You are all welcome to my little home. I guess I'm too old to belong to a Religion Class now, so I shall just sit down in this chair and pay good attention to all you do and say."

"And we shall do our very best for you, grandma," said Alice Richards, "for you are one of the dearest and best women in the world, and we all love you."

"And I love every one of you," said the kind, old lady.

Then the class work was begun. Susie Thomas led the singing, Archie Russell offered the opening prayer, Harold Spencer led the class in a recitation of the memory gem. Then Sister Miller arose and said, "Grandma Jacobson said she guessed she was too old to belong to our Religion Class, but I don't think she is, do you?"

"No," they all shouted at once.

"We have decided to make her a member for this afternoon, anyhow," continued Sister Miller. "Instead of having our lesson today, we will give the time to Grandma Jacobson, and she will tell us some interesting things in her life."

"Well, this is a surprise," said the old lady, as she arose to speak.

"Can't grandma sit and talk to us?" said Harold Spencer.

"Of course she can," said Sister Miller. So Sister Jacobson sat down again. She told the boys and girls of her girlhood days, away back in Sweden, of the two Mormon missionaries who came to her home one evening, of her joining the Church and coming to Utah, and of the great blessings which she had received from the Lord. She closed by saying, "My dear children, I know that the Prophet Joseph Smith was a man of God, and that our Church is the true Church of Christ."

"When she had finished, Archie

Russell said, "That is one of the best lessons we have had, grandma."

A song was sung. Nellie Cutler pronounced the benediction, and after shaking hands with Grandma Jacobson and their teachers, the boys and girls started for their homes.

When Johnny Holley got home he told his mother where he had been. "I think," said Mrs. Holley, "that it is a splendid thing for boys and girls to visit old people like Grandma Jacobson, and put a little sunshine into their lives. I wish they'd do more of it."

Johnny Holley had learned a splendid lesson at the Religion Class meeting that afternoon—to be kind to the aged. As he went about his chores, he began to wonder what kind act he could do to some aged person. He thought of one.

When his morning work was done the following Saturday, he took his fishing tackle and went down to the river. He fished for a couple of hours and had about decided to quit, when there was a splash in the water—he had caught a fish. He landed it, a fine trout, weighing about three pounds. Rolling the fish in some lucern, he started for the home of a poor old man named Peter Nelsen. "How is Mr. Nelsen today?" he asked Mrs. Nelsen, when she came to the door.

"I helieve he is a little better," said the dear, old wife. He sat up a little while today and supped a little soup I made for him."

"I believe I have something he would like," said Johnny, and he handed Sister Nelsen the trout.

"Well, well," exclaimed the good woman. Do you know, just about an hour ago he said he wished he could get a little piece of fish, but I did not know where I could get it for him."

"Well," said Johnny, "there it is. I'm glad I have been able to do some good today."

With the blessing of Sister Nelsen upon him, Johnny Holley returned to

his home. He told his mamma what he had done, and she patted him on the head and said, "I am proud to see that my boy has profited by the lesson he learned last week in the Religion Class."

Johnny Holley is now a member of the Church, and he expects some day to be called to go on a mission; but he says that while he is waiting for the call he is going to do all the good he can at home.

Little Chief.

By Bertha A. Kleinman.

High among the hills, in the weird-est and crudest of homes, lived Juano, the little red-skin. Six years old, but brave and strong and fleet as a deer, he was the pride of his father's tribe. No forest pass was too difficult for him, no steep so high he could not climb. He knew nothing of pictured walls and chairs and tables and cozy beds that make the homes of other children, for his shelter was the deep shade of the pines and his bed a thick, warm blanket spread upon the grass.

Juano's father was a great chief, who led the councils of his tribe when they met in circle among the rocks. Juano was too little to understand their strange laws, but no warrior was more faithful to his post than was he to the little kettle-drum which his father often entrusted to him and at the sound of which the great men issued from their tents and gathered among the council stones. It was a funny little drum, made only of sticks and stretched hide, but its shrill beat could be heard for a long distance, and Juano's hands always trembled as they touched it, for its sound held a world of meaning and brought to his mind the thought of war with white men and wild excitement in his lonely home. For he had heard of neighboring lands to which the white

men were fast assigning the red, where they taught them while they scorned and restrained them, where little boys like Juano grew up in utter forgetfulness of the great forests and mountains and feared everything, even as the pale faces.

Therefore, a great dread seized him when late one day, after riding far from home, his father came for him and almost flinging him to his saddle, galloped quickly for the hills.

Juano watched his father's stern face for a long time before he ventured to ask:

"Am I too little, father, to know what troubles thee?"

The chief pressed the little form close to him.

"Juano is little," he answered, "and cannot know what white men mean when they talk of forest rights and the great timbers which they must guard. But this he can know, that this very night we must change our home and press on farther into the woods, lest the morrow find our freedom gone forever."

Juano sat right still and tried to understand. He was thinking so long and deeply that the chief thought he had fallen asleep, when, suddenly, as they entered a rocky pass between the dark cliffs, the brave horse stumbled in his speed, flinging the riders far from him. Juano arose quickly, but only to cry out in fear, for his father lay in utter helplessness and could not even raise his head, upon which the sweat beads were gathering.

"I cannot go with thee, Juano," he cried, reaching up to caress the tiny face bending over him, "but think not of my pain, for you must bear the message home. Courage, my little son," he said, when Juano's tears would have fallen. "Prove thou the brave heart that makes thee son of mine, and haste thou, for the night is already come."

Juano dare not question, for his father's word was the only law he knew, and, fearing to disobey, and

with great sobs shaking him, he mounted the frightened steed and sped away into the gathering night.

The wind swept down from every peak, bringing sudden clouds of rain into the canyon, which drenched his long hair and almost blinded him. The path grew steeper and more slippery at every step, until, fearing longer to trust his horse's foothold, he left him to follow as best he could and himself fled away on foot. The great trees barred his way, seeming like so many giants whispering and moaning, and threatening him as he passed. The tangled grass caught his feet like rude fingers, that would hold him back, and flung him many times upon his face. His heart beat fast, for the canyon stream was swelling before his eyes, and ere he reached it, the bridge which he must cross was swept away with a mighty crash.

It was then that the boy's heart failed him, and flinging himself upon the ground he prayed aloud—not to the Father whom we remember every day, for Juano had never heard of Him—but to the "Yapaitu" or spirit mother whom he had never seen, but whom his father loved with a great love and believed to guide him in times of danger. And we who know that God is everywhere and loves and protects His children, even to the little red-skins, could have told Juano that it was He whose Providence was over him when he rose again in all his brave childish strength and, throwing himself into that terrible stream, was borne safely across.

Drenched and trembling and bleeding where the cruel stones had cut his feet, it was with new meaning and emotion that he reached for his kettle-drum that night and beat a round of peals upon it that brought every tent-man to his door. And in the great circle, with the red glare of the torches full upon him, he told in rapid words the errand that had brought him.

"Little Chief!" they hailed him

when the toil of that night was done, and the day broke over, another home so far removed into the forests that the foot-tread of a white man had scarcely penetrated to its depths. "Little Chief! Little Chief!" and Juano's father was loudest in the cheer, for they had bourne him safely with them in the long march, and he knew that without the Providence that had led his little son, his own great courage and chieftainship had been in vain.

Rocking Dolly.

How many rockings, oh, will it take
One little nap for Dolly to make?
Rockings up high, and rockings down
low,

Ere ever to sleep my Dolly will go!
Rockings so far, and rockings so near,
Ere ever will close your eyelids, my
dear!

So many rockings, sweet little pet,
And never a nap comes near you yet!
So many rockings, Sugar Lump bright!
Why are you wide awake, dear, tonight?

So many rockings while the stars peep,
Peeping to see if Dolly's asleep!
Dear little Dolly, tended are you,
Sleeping more safe than other pets do!
How do the wee lambs sleep in the fold:
They've no rockings, with mother to
hold!

How do the wee chicks sleep in the
straw—

They've no rockings that ever I saw!
How do the wee birds do on the bough—
Oh, little Dolly, go to sleep now!

—From "Little Folks."

The Children's Budget Box.

The Rabbits.

Last Fall my brother brought home two pretty rabbits. One was black and white, and the other white with pink eyes. We took good care of them, and every day fed them on grass and corn shucks.

One day Mrs. Rabbit stole out and we did not know where she had gone. We hunted for awhile and when we found her she was making a new home in the ground. A day or two after that she had eight oretty little ones.

Mrs. Rabbit guarded and watched her hole all the time, and whenever she came out she would cover her home with dirt so that her young ones would not be harmed.

One day Mamma Rabbit came out of her little home, and who should she find but a large white pussy cat waiting at the hole for the young ones to appear. She intended having a feast. But what do you think Mrs. Rabbit did? She jumped at Miss Pussy with a spring and gave her a hard whipping with her hind feet.

Never again did Miss Pussy lay and wait for the tiny rabbits to appear. She was always so frightened she never came near the rabbits' home again, but hunted in other places for her meals.

Clara Earl,
Fielding, Utah.

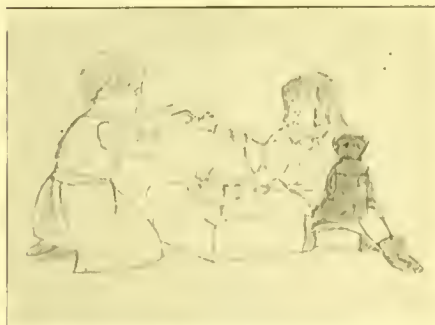
Age 9.

A Child's Advice.

Don't get up saying,
I don't care.
Do your work,
And do your share.
That's the way
To do all things.
Then a voice
From heaven sings,
For you I care,
For you I care.

Helen Hinckley,

Age 8. Brigham City, Utah.



By Martha McConkie,

Age 9. Moab, Utah.



Photo by Stanley Anderson,
Age 14. Rexburg, Idaho.

The Right and Wrong Ways.

"Will you go down to the store for me?" said Mabel's mamma.

"Oh, dear, I hate to go to the store when I want to play," replied Mabel.

"Go this once, dear; then you can play all afternoon," said Mrs. Norton.

So Mabel hurried away. When she returned she ran to get her doll and play-things, but found her doll's dress torn. She ran to her mamma.

"Mamma, please sew this up," said Mabel, pointing to the hole in the dress. "Alta is coming over this afternoon and her doll's dress is nice."

"Oh, I hate to mend doll's dress when I want to read" replied Mrs. Norton, trying to repeat Mabel's words about going to the store.

After the dress was mended Alta came and the children began to play. Mabel couldn't have any fun because the words of her mamma came back to her.

Alta had gone home and Mabel sat thinking in the garden.

"Mabel, come here," cried Mrs. Norton, from the house.

Mabel didn't say, "Wait a minute, mamma," as she always did, but jumped right up and walked to the house, still thinking.

"Well, my dear, what makes you look so sad?"

"I've—I've been thinking," stammered the girl, "thinking I should have jumped right up and went to the store when you told me too."

"I'm very glad you have thought about it at last, dear. I hope you will always think about the right instead of the wrong way," continued her mamma, gently, "then I, too, will think about them."

"I will always try to think about the right way after this, mamma," said Mabel.

They both thought about the right way and both had a better time.

Ethel Southwick,
Age 13. Lehi, Utah.

Abuse of the Gospel.

Too many, Lord, abuse Thy grace,
In this licentious day,
And while they boast they see Thy face,
They turn their own away.

Thy Book displays a gracious light
That can the blind restore;
But these are dazzled by the sight,
And blinded them still more.

Thy pardon such presume upon,
They do not beg, but steal;
And when they plead it at Thy throne,
Oh! where's the spirit's seal?

Was it for this, ye lawless tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled?
Is this the grace the Saints imbibe
From Christ the living Head?

Ah, Lord, we know Thy chosen few
Are fed with heavenly fare;
But these, the wretched husks they chew
Proclaim them what they are.

The liberty our hearts implore
Is not to live in sin;
But still to wait at Wisdom's door
Till Mercy calls us in.

Alice Hill,
Age 17. Baker City, Ore.



By Donald Lee Rencher.
Age 12. Holbrook, Ariz.

Work.

Mr. Would and Mr. Could
Always keep their word;
But Mr. Can't and Mr. Shan't
Are always with anger stirred.

Mr. Would and Mr. Could
Are always willing to try;
But Mr. Can't and Mr. Shan't
Are always ready to cry.

Neff Boothe,
Collinston, Utah.

Age 13.



Photo. by Stanley L. Anderson.
Age 14. Rexburg, Idaho.

Competition No. 23.

Book prizes will be awarded children under 18 years of age for the best original contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs. Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close July 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories must be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

Pictures should not be folded.

Address The Children's Budget Box,
Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.**Bird Riddle.**

The correct answers to the bird riddle printed in the February Juvenile are as follows: 1, Swift; 2, Stilt; 3, Lark; 4, Stork; 5, Weaver; 6, Bunting; 7, Thrasher; 8, Gull; 9, Nut-cracker; 10, Crane; 11, Bluebird; 12, Rook; 13, Wren; 14, Chat; 15, Spoon-bill; 16, Rudder-duck; 17, Lyre-bird; 18, Canary; 19, Loon; 20, Whippoorwill; 21, Nightingale; 22, Owl.

We have received correct solutions from the following:

Leone Barus, Fairview, Wyoming.
Lila Burbank, Weston, Idaho.
Evyrean Nielson, Hunter, Utah.
Clarence Pratt, Moore, Idaho.
Florence Todd, Roosevelt, Utah.
Rollo Woodward, Franklin, Idaho.

Beheading.

By Nina Wollenzien.

1. Behead first three letters of a study and abbreviate a boy's name.
2. Behead first three letters of a shopping place and abbreviate a month.

3. Behead first three letters of a state and abbreviate a day of the week.

4. Behead first three letters of a person who rode a very daring ride in history and abbreviate a distinguished war.

5. Behead first three letters of something sweet to eat and abbreviate a country.

Rules.

Competition will close July 1st.

Answers must be written in ink and bear the name, age, and address of the sender.

Address Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Good Idea.

"I'm going out," said the cigarette,

As the ashes smoked away.




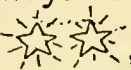



























"That's good!" said Health, "I surely hope

You are going out to stay!"

THE RUNAWAY DOLL

VII







TOMMY TIBBS, the merry peddler, went down the road with his , whistling like a . He was always laughing, his  were like , and his voice was as clear as a . In his  he carried  of gay ribbon,  of bright silk, sharp  and , needles and pins,  of soap and  of scent. He stopped at every  to sell his wares, and sometimes the  of the house gave him a  of coffee, an , or a , besides the  from her , because he looked so gay. This had been a merry day for Tom. He had met a  squawking, a little  running like a , and a little  bounding like a ; and now, as he turned the corner, he saw a big  sitting in the dust by the road. "Aha!" laughed merry Tom. And then he saw a  sitting in the dust on the other side of the road. "Oho!" laughed merry Tom. "The wind frightened the , the  frightened the , the  frightened the , and away



they all went, and left the babies in the road!" Then he picked up  and , and took them along, one on each shoulder. And everywhere he went the







people bought  and  and  out of his bag, because he looked so droll, until his pockets jingled with . "Good luck, eh,

Puck!" he cried to Mrs. Binney's



that lay on the  in front of Mrs. Binney's . And Puck blinked at him with

sleepy eyes. Mrs. Binney wanted a  full of things, and Tom stayed an hour by the clock. When

he was ready to go, he picked up , and --- where was ? They asked , and he

blinked at them with sleepy eyes. They searched the



, they looked under the



and up the  and down the





, but no  could they find. "I cannot stay; another

day I'll come this way!" laughed merry Tom, and away he went

down the road. And all the time



was sitting under a  down at the foot of the garden by the river; and nobody knew but naughty  :



Laughslets.

Too Wise.

Teacher (to new pupil)—“Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?”

My Little Man—“For the same reason as the 'en crossed th' road. Yer don't catch me with no puzzles.”

A Horse Trade.

The late Senator Elkins used to tell a story of Bige Brown.

Bige, he explained, lived in Elkins. Meeting him one day in the main street, the Senator said:

‘Bige, do you know of anybody that's got a horse for sale?’

Bige, chewing gum, gave the Senator a patronizing smile.

“Well, Senator,” he said, “I guess Bill Hurst has. I sold him one yesterday.”

Those Foolish Questions.

Conductor to Passenger—We ran over a cat down the line.

Passenger—Was the cat on the line?

Conductor—Why, of course not. We chased up an alley after her.

A Good Excuse.

A kindergarten teacher tells a good joke on herself. She has been very strict in requiring written excuses from the mothers in case of absence. The morning of the big snowstorm only a few of the babies made their appearance. The next day they all came with written excuses except one tot, named Willie. When asked for his, he said: “I did ferdit it.”

He was cautioned to bring it the next day.

Willie's mother was quite disgusted. It seemed to her that any one with the slightest pretensions to gray matter ought to know the reason for his absence.

The next morning he arrived all rosy with the cold, and handed the teacher his excuse. It read:

“Dear Miss C—: Little Willie's legs are fourteen inches long. The snow was two feet deep. Very truly yours, Mrs. J.”

The Feminine View.

She had just finished reading Edward Everett Hale's “The Man Without a Country,” and as she laid it down she sighed and said:

“I can not imagine anything worse than a man without a country.”

“Oh, I can,” said her friend.

“Why, what?”

“A cuntry without a man.”—Ladies' Home Journal.

Man's Sphere.

“Where,” asked the female-suffrage orator, ‘would man be today were it not for woman?’

She paused a moment and looked round the hall.

“I repeat,” she said, “where would man be today if not for woman?”

“He'd be in the Garden of Eden, eating strawberries,” answered a voice from the gallery.—Tit-Bits.

Truth Will Out.

As an illustration of great devotion to truth, would-be M.P. told his auditors that he “underwent a severe thrashing when a boy for telling the truth.” Imagine the sickly feeling which came over him when a gruff voice called out from the center of the audience: “I guess it's cured yer, guv-nor!”—Christian Life.

Pragmatism.

‘This was the note which was handed to one of the grade teachers the other day:

“Dear Mum—Please icxuse Johnny to-day. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gave him this iximple, if a field is 4 miles square how long will it take a man walking 3 miles an hour to walk 2½ times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late tonight, tho it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the nixt problem about ladies, as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can. Resp'y yrs. Mrs. Jones.”—Miami News.

Give and Take.

“What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?” demanded the farmer. “Didn't the old cow give anything?”

“Yes,” replied his boy; “nine quarts and one kick.”—The Sacred Heart Review.

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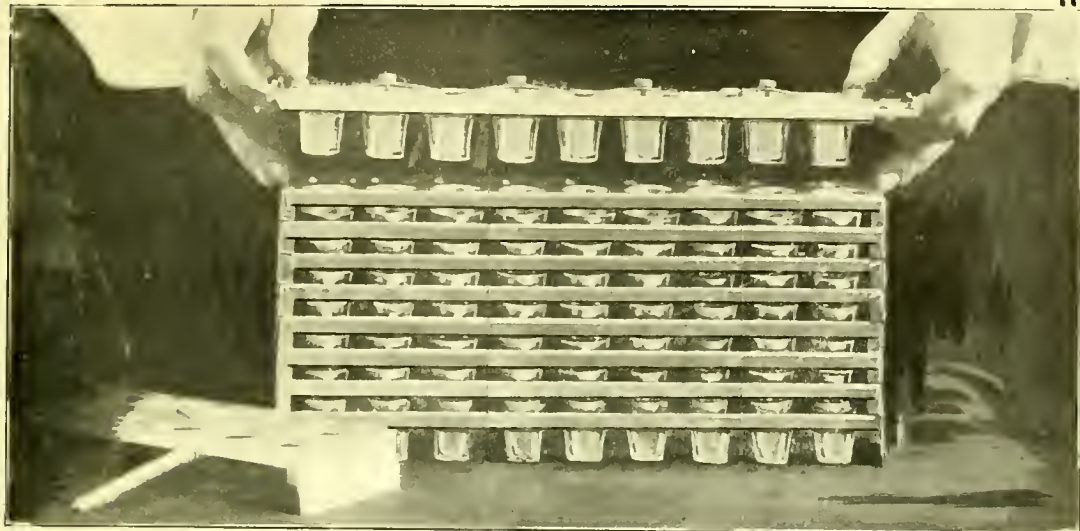
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